THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

An incident happened the other day in a book shop which ought to please Miss Eliza Orne White. Some one asked for *A Browning Courtship*—a book of amusing short stories published over a year ago—and to the inquiring customer was handed a copy of *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett.* However, the salesman wasn't so far wrong, after all.

Mr. Percy White, to whom we shall always be indebted for the delight which we received from his ruthless exposure of suburbanism in *Mr. Bailey Martin,* has finished a new novel which he calls *The Heart of the Dancer.* Although Mr. White has given us two effective books in *Corruption* and *A Passionate Pilgrim* since we made Mr. Bailey Martin's acquaintance, his later work has never given us anything like as great pleasure and satisfaction.

Mr. S. Levett Yeats, whose latest book of short stories, *The Heart of Denise,* was published a few months ago by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, is at present enjoying a holiday in England on furlough. He is a young officer in the Indian army, which explains some of the striking realism of Indian army life in his stories. Mr. Yeats intends in his next romance to build the scenes of his story in Avignon, the city of popes and anti-popes—a fourteenth century theme which, so far as we know, has not yet been adopted by any novelist.

Mr. Robert Barr, with the aid of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, is preparing a dramatic version of his novel, *Tekla,* and we believe that negotiations are already in progress for its production at one of the leading theatres of London. There is talk of Mr. Barr's visiting America again this summer.

Since penning our paragraph concerning Max Pemberton's plans in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN we learn that arrangements have been completed between Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Charles Frohman to produce a dramatisation of his new book, *The Garden of Swords.*

Important developments are contemplated by the proprietors of *Lippincott's Magazine* with a view to keeping it abreast of its competitors. Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. Cope Cornford have been commissioned to write novels for it, and during his recent visit to London Mr. Craigie Lippincott made arrangements with a view to enlisting for the magazine the services of others among the younger school of authors.

Mr. Bernard Capes, the author of *The Lake of Wine* and *The Comte de la Muette,* has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, entitled *Our Lady of Darkness.* It will be published in England by Messrs. Blackwood and Son, and in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. These firms were respectively the English and American publishers of *The Comte de la Muette* last autumn.

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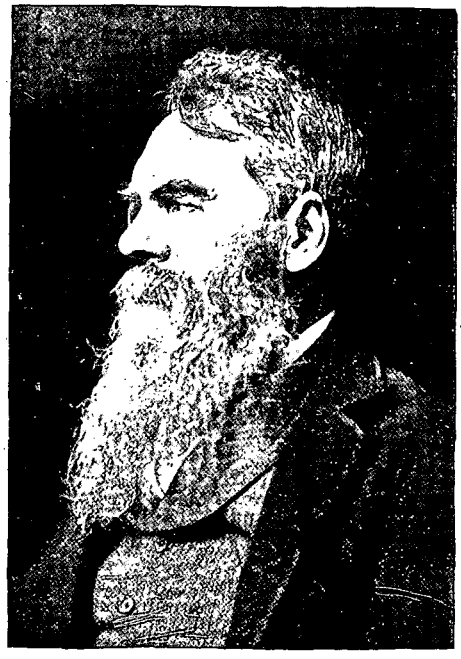
HILAIRE BELLOC.

Mr. Bret Harte's new volume of fiction, which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, is to be entitled *The Mediation of Jack Hamlin, and Other Stories.*

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose remarkable study of Danton has recently been published by the Messrs. Scribner, is one of the most notable men of the younger generation in Oxford. He is a French citizen, but he speaks English with perfect ease, and is a scholar of Balliol and an ex-president of the Union. He took a first class in Modern History four years ago, and has since lectured in England and in this country. He now lives at Oxford, and combines historical research with the work of a "coach." *Danton* is his first venture in serious literature, although he is already known to fame as "H. B." of the *Bad Child's Book of Beasts* and *The Modern Traveller.* At the present time he is the only speaker at the Union who is really able to influence a division. His speeches are always fluent and clear, sometimes fervid, often colloquial and generally irresistibly amusing.

We do not remember ever seeing any portrait of the late Richard Holt Hutton, and we know that none was forthcoming at the time of his death, when the press was busy with his obituary. The Macmillan Company have just published a volume of posthumous essays by Mr. Hutton, which is reviewed on another page; and in this volume there is a frontispiece portrait, which we take the liberty of reproducing for the benefit of those who, like ourselves, may be eager to see what the distinguished essayist and editor of the *Spectator* looked like.

The presentation of Ibsen's dramatic study in heredity, *Ghosts,* given in New York on the 29th of May, has served to bring Mr. John Blair, who was responsible for the performance, and who himself assumed the rôle of Oswald Alving, into an enviable prominence and to confirm the very high esteem in which many of the critical already held him. Mr. Blair is one of the youngest actors on our stage, being in his twenty-fourth year. His first professional appearance was made in 1894 in Charles Frohman's *City of Pleasure;* the next season he supported Olga Nethersole, gaining recognition for the sincerity of his work and the fine intelligence



RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

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JOHN BLAIR.

From a photograph by Miss Johnston, Washington, D. C.

that he brought to bear upon everything he did. During the season of 1898 he appeared in the Independent Theatre productions, doing good work with the late E. J. Henley in Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*, and creating a profound impression by his fine creation of Ernest in Echegaray's *El Gran Galeoto*. Later in the same season he appeared with Madame Janauschek in Paul Kester's play, *What Dreams May Come*, and repeated in Philadelphia and Washington the impression he had created in New York.

During the season just ended Mr. Blair has been leading man with Julia Marlowe and has done admirable work in the plays in her repertoire, his Orlando being especially effective. But it is in the presentation of modern character and psychology that Mr. Blair's ambition and especial fitness lie. It is noteworthy that so eminent an authority as Mr. Howells characterised Mr. Blair's Oswald in *Ghosts* as "great, if uneven," and dignified the performance with two columns of critical consideration in a recent number of *Literature*.

Mr. Richard V. Risley, the author of *Men's Tragedies*, a volume of stories of unusual power and quality, recently published by the Macmillan Company, was born in New York twenty-four years ago. Most of his boyhood was spent in

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RICHARD V. RISLEY.

this city and near New Rochelle. Later he travelled both in America and in Europe, and lived for some time in London and in Paris. His education was very irregularly conducted, but seems to have been thorough after its own fashion. For a time he attended a military school, and subsequently entered on some special studies at Lehigh University. In 1893 he left Lehigh for Denmark to join the American Legation at Copenhagen, his father, Mr. John Risley, having been appointed American Minister to Denmark under Cleveland's second administration. During his residence in Denmark, which extended over three years, he made several long visits to Germany, England and France. *Men's Tragedies* was preceded three or four years ago by a collection of short stories called *The Sentimental Vikings,* published in London by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Risley was at first drawn to metaphysics, but poetry and fiction proved to be stronger attractions. His first attempt at fiction appeared in *The Yellow Book,* and the stories in his initial volume were collected for the most part from this and other English periodicals. Mr. Risley has just completed a novel which will probably be published in the autumn. A review of *Men's Tragedies* appears on another page.

The new edition of the Brontë novels which is now being prepared, and for which Mrs. Humphry Ward is writing introductions, will be called the Haworth Edition. Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë,* which Mr. Clement Shorter is editing, will be published uniformly with the Haworth Edition, and will contain some forty hitherto unpublished letters by Charlotte Brontë, written to Mr. George Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company, and to his mother. The Haworth Edition of the Brontë novels will be published in this country by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Shorter, who recently resigned his editorship of the London *Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News* in order to complete his edition of Mrs. Gaskell's biography prior to the foundation of a new illustrated paper, is also engaged on a catalogue of his library which promises to be of considerable importance and value. This bibliographical catalogue will

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THE CHAINED LIBRARY AT WIMBORNE, DORSET.

be published as *An Editor's Book Shelves,* by Messrs. Ward and Lock in October, when he also hopes to launch his new journalistic venture. Mr. Shorter is one of the ablest and most successful editors in London, but we regret that he allows journalism to rob us of more serious work in literature, for which he has proved himself so capable in his *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle.* Mrs. Shorter (Dora Sigerson) will also publish at the same time, through Messrs. Ward and Lock, a volume of stories entitled *The Father Confessor and Other Stories.* As her work has been all in poetry so far, this experiment in prose piques curiosity.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, who is now abroad, and at the time of writing is cycling around the Western Highlands of Scotland, intends to spend the summer months partly in Ireland and partly in Oxford. Her object in visiting Ireland is to study the life and atmosphere of the country for her next book, the scenes of which will be laid in Erin's Isle. Mrs. Wiggin does not intend to go into the old legends, nor to make any attempt at handling the dialect. The setting has appealed to her strongly for a long time, and in following this instinct she has never yet made a mistake with any of her books. She has not committed herself to the fact that Penelope will be the central character of the book, but it is to be fondly hoped that she will not disappoint a natural desire to meet our fascinating young friend on new soil.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have issued recently a new edition of Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd's popular books, *Cathedral Days* and *In and Out of Three Normandy Inns.* They are very charmingly illustrated, and make quite a fresh bid for the reader's suffrage in their new form. It is superfluous now to add to the sum of public favour which has already been awarded these books. In this attractive edition they ought to widen the circle of their readers.

In connection with the series of articles by Clive Holland on "Thomas Hardy's Country," which we are now publishing, the accompanying picture of the chained library at Wimborne Minster will be of interest to Hardy lovers in particular and to bibliophiles in general. The library consists of a collection of two hundred and fifty volumes, chiefly theological works, and almost all the books are chained. It is believed that the chaining was done as far back as in the year 1686.

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EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

After reading *Children of the Mist* we feel compelled to say that Mr. Eden Phillpotts has almost succeeded in producing a great novel. When the book was published in England in the winter we looked for its publication here, but it is only now that the Messrs. Putnam have seen fit to issue it from the press. There is something very uncommon in the scope and style of *Children of the Mist*. Never before, save perhaps in the pages of the *Lorna Doone* and *Christowell* of Mr. Blackmore have the people of Devon and Dartmoor been portrayed so sympathetically and with such unerring faithfulness. There is a wealth of tragedy in the untutored, earthy humanity of these English farmlands. Mr. Phillpotts's characters are men and women of primitive passions, simple and elemental, almost coarse and brutal, if you will, but moulded on inevitable heroic lines. The story of their loves and of their hates, the tragedy and comedy of their lives, is told with remarkable power and poetic beauty, and with the large, patient charity of a man who understands. *Children of the Mist* is not Mr. Phillpotts's first novel by any means, but this book places his name so high in the list of those who have done good, faithful work in literature that it will take rank as a fresh surprise to American readers at least.

The Fleming H. Revell Company will publish shortly an American edition of *Black Rock*, by "Ralph Connor," a new Canadian author, whose book, published in Canada and England last autumn, has met there with unusual success. Some American critics who have read this "Tale of the Selkirks" are confident that the book will also meet with wide appreciation in this country. The author is known as the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto, and spent several years as a missionary among the Rocky Mountains, where he came to know the life of the miners and lumbermen at close range and gathered in the harvest of a keen-eyed observer, which he has utilised in *Black Rock* He was induced by one of his college classmates in 1896 to write a sketch of the life he had seen in a mountain mining camp for the *Westminster*, a religious paper which his friend had just established in Toronto. To the editor's eye the sketch was so suggestive of fresh, unworked

"RALPH CONNOR."

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material that he returned it to the writer to be worked over in a longer series, the result of which was *Black Rock*. Ralph Connor has a second volume of character sketches of a similar nature almost ready. They will be published under the title, *The Sky-Pilot of the Foot-Hills*, in the autumn by the same firm. Professor George Adam Smith, who is at present in this country, lecturing at the universities, has written an introduction to the American edition of *Black Rock*, which we are permitted to print in advance. The book itself will be out about the middle of July.

I think I have met "Ralph Connor." Indeed, I am sure I have—once in a canoe on the Red River, once on the Assiniboine, and twice or thrice on the prairies to the West. That was not the name he gave me, but, if I am right, it covers one of the most honest and genial of the strong characters that are fighting the devil and doing good work for men all over the world. He has seen with his own eyes the life which he describes in this book, and has himself, for some years of hard and lonely toil, assisted in the good influences which he traces among its wild and often hopeless conditions. He writes with the freshness and accuracy of an eye-witness, with the style (as I think his readers will allow) of a real artist, and with the tenderness and hopefulness of a man not only of faith, but of experience, who has seen in fulfilment the ideals for which he lives.

The life to which he takes us, though far off and very strange to our tame minds, is the life of our brothers. Into the Northwest of Canada the young men of Great Britain and Ireland have been pouring (I was told), sometimes at the rate of 48,000 a year. Our brothers who left home yesterday—our hearts cannot but follow them. With these pages Ralph Connor enables our eyes and our minds to follow, too; nor do I think there is any one who shall read this book and not find also that his conscience is quickened. There is a warfare appointed unto man upon earth, and its struggles are nowhere more intense, not the victories of the strong, nor the succours brought to the fallen, more heroic, than on the fields described in this volume.

There was a time when the novels and stories of Mrs. Oliphant were widely read and when she held her own well with George Eliot—who reads them now? And yet we have read and re-read *Margaret Maitland, Agnes, Innocent, Salem Chapel* and others of her novels, and hope to read them again. We would not let them willingly go from our bookshelves, and there are many present-day novels more highly rated and recognised that we would sacrifice in their place without a regret. There were reasons for her decline in popular esteem, and Mrs. Oliphant, who was not blind to the facts, shows a true appreciation of them in her *Autobiography*. This *Autobiography* was begun in 1885, and is now published under the editorship of Mrs. Harry Caghill, who was for long in Mrs. Oliphant's confidence. That it would be painful in its self-revelations no one who knew Mrs. Oliphant could doubt, but it is also extremely interesting and valuable. One thing may be noted, there is very little in the volume that will give pain to any living person. Her long connection with the Blackwoods is creditable to both publishers and author; and Mrs. Oliphant never did better work than in *The History of the House of the Blackwoods*, which engaged her last years. This monumental work and the *Autobiography and Letters* will perpetuate her memory long after her other literary work, the outcome of a prodigious industry, has sunk into oblivion. There are two portraits in the volume which have never been published before. We hope to publish in our next issue an extensive review of the book from the pen of one who has been long intimate with the work of Mrs. Oliphant. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company are the publishers in this country.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, of *Punch* fame, in the course of his interesting chapters of autobiography in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, reveals the origin of that excellent chapter in *Happy Thoughts* in which he describes the hero's difficulties in the library of the wrong Frazer's house. It had its foundation, in fact, in the library of Thackeray's house, and happened at a *Punch* dinner under Thackeray's roof. After the dinner Thackeray asked Mr. Burnand to get him a book from the shelves. Mr. Burnand did his best, but he could not dislodge the volume—it was a dummy. Thackeray then asked him to

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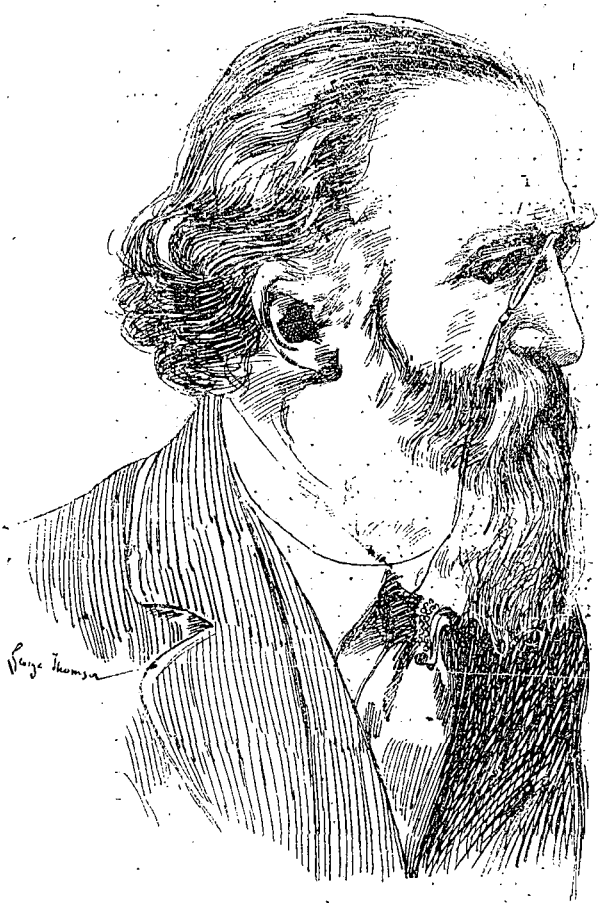
try in the next room for it. "Certainly," said Mr. Burnand, eager to show his readiness and to put himself on the best possible terms with the great man. "I turned," he says, "to go to the door in



JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

From a drawing reproduced in the "Daily Chronicle."

the direction he had indicated. No door; all books. Then, on looking round, it seemed to me that there *was* no door; books everywhere. Yet we must have entered from some door out of the dining-room; and here we were! And others had gone out by another door; but where? Were we in a room without any doors? 'I'll show you,' he said; and then, intensely enjoying my puzzlement, he put his hand in among the books in the case—all dummies, every one—and turning a handle, opened the door leading into the dining-room."

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his *Reminiscences*, which are at last published, tells a good story about Thackeray in refuting the charge so often made that he was an inordinate admirer of rank and a snob worthy of his own collection of snobs. The story is of a real tuft-hunter who claimed to be of good family, and who was always boasting of the fact and telling you of his high connections, bringing out the names of his first cousin the marquis, his second cousin the duchess, and so forth. This man made the acquaintance of Thackeray and was proud of it. One day Mr. McCarthy met him at the Garrick Club, when he suddenly began to talk to him about Thackeray. "Now look here," said the tuft-hunter, "you always refuse to believe that Thackeray worships the aristocracy. I'll give you a convincing proof that he does, a proof that I got only this very day. Do you see this cigar?" He held one out between his fingers, and Mr. McCarthy admitted that he did see it. "Well," he said, "that cigar was given to me by Thackeray; and do you know what he said when he was giving it to me?" Mr. McCarthy had to admit that he could not form any guess as to what Thackeray might have said. So he went on with an air of triumph. "Well," he said, "Thackeray's words to me were these: 'Now, my dear fellow, here is a cigar which I know you will be delighted to have because it is one of a box that was given to me by a marquis.' Now what have you to say?" Mr. McCarthy had nothing to say. "I could have said," he adds, "'I really didn't know that Thackeray was as well acquainted with you as all that,' but I controlled my tongue, and the conversation dropped."

Although not in name an autobiography, Mr. McCarthy's book is a self-revelation. The author stands out from his reminiscences a delightful figure, shrewd and humorous, but above all else, of enduring kindliness. They are volumes to be added to the library, and fortunately they appeal more to the wider class of readers than to the élite, who will be disappointed at the lack of expected revelations concerning the people discussed in Mr. McCarthy's genial and kindly pages.

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But these volumes will be of great and permanent interest to all students of the nineteenth century, for there have been few notable men and women with whom the author cannot claim something more than a passing acquaintance; and they are especially attractive to bookmen of every class; for throughout his long political career Mr. McCarthy has been first and foremost, though not so much as we should like, a man of letters.

In view of these *Reminiscences,* which are attracting deserved attention, it is interesting to recall a literary estimate of Mr. McCarthy which was once pronounced by the able editor of the *Scotsman.* The latter part of the criticism is especially pertinent when we observe that "a good word for everybody" seems to be harped on by every reviewer as being the keynote of the book.

It used to be said of Macaulay that he was a book in breeches. The same might be said of Justin McCarthy. He had read widely; and he remembered everything he had read. I never knew a man with such a marvellous verbal memory. Rarely have I seen him use a book of reference, yet his articles would often be studded with quotations, and they were always correctly made. He had an easy grace of style which is not common. He always knew his subject; and thus he wrote with great effect. Many things have happened since the days when we were colleagues to drive us apart; yet my friendship for him has not abated. I have regretted and criticised the course he has taken, and I have no doubt he has done the same as to myself. I do not think he can ever attain the highest eminence in anything. He is always pleasing, but never convincing. I mean that what he says and does leaves no lasting impression. What he wanted was a spice of the devil. If he could have got angry, he would have been a great man. Sometimes in his writing he seems to be getting nearly red hot; if he could get to white heat he would be the foremost writer of his time. In politics it is the same. He has more knowledge of the world and more constructive ability than all the rest of the party to which he adheres. But he cannot be angry; he cannot get into a passion; he cannot even simulate one. Thus he has been made a figure-head, and vastly inferior men are regarded as real leaders. He would have done better to have kept to literature.

The *Academy's* contributor to "Memoirs of the Moment" records a little saying which seems to him worthy to take its place among the rich store of those recently published around the names of the Brownings. It appears that at the time when the son of the poets was beginning his public career as a painter, the surviving parent was full of anxiety as to the effect of his first exhibits. "People expect so much from him, poor fellow," said Mr. Browning, "because he had a clever mother."

Over ten thousand copies of Beatrice Harraden's new novel, *The Fowler,* had been sold by the Messrs. Blackwood in England by the middle of May, and a large new edition since then has been published. Miss Harraden's work is also meeting with a wide appreciation in this country. It is curious to notice that a great many reviewers miss the point of the story altogether and fail thereby to give the book its true rating as an attempt at fictional psychology.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome paid a flying visit to London recently and returned again to Germany, where he proposes to live at least two years more. It was learned during his visit that he has given up the idea of writing a novel in the meantime. His next publication will probably be called *Three Men on a Bicycle,* and will relate the incidents of a tour in the Black Forest.

Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book,* which will probably rank as his most popular work, has been translated into very good French and recently published in Paris.

It is interesting, when so many pens are busy overhauling Mr. Kipling's literary reputation, to recall Mr. Barrie's early estimate of his illustrious compeer in letters; the first estimate, indeed; if we mistake not, that hailed Mr. Kipling's arrival as an event in literature. When Rudyard Kipling landed in England ten years ago, a youth of twenty-three, with eight books already in his pocket, the *Auld Licht Idylls* had been published a year, and people were taking an expectant interest in *A Window in Thrums.*

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Mr. Barrie had made his name, and was sailing into favour on the top of the wave. Six months later his young fellow-craftsman was by his side. *Truth* and the *World*, in London, were tossing his name to and fro in hot argument as to his pretensions, and Gavin Ogilvy himself was studying the Man from Nowhere in an attitude at once critical and congratulatory. From the very outset Mr. Barrie admired Mr. Kipling. Writing in the *British Weekly* in the early summer of 1890, he declared roundly that no young man of such capacity had appeared in our literature for years, and pronounced him a second Bret Harte. Ten months later, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, he repeated this opinion, or, at least, one very like it. "It is Mr. Bret Harte that Mr. Kipling most resembles. He, too, uses the lantern flash; Mulvaney would have been at home in Red Gulch and Mr. Oakhurst in Simla." Further on he adds: "Mr. Kipling has one advantage. He is never theatrical, as Mr. Harte sometimes is. There is more restraint in Mr. Kipling's art. But Mr. Harte is easily first in his drawing of women." This defect of Mr. Kipling's is hinted at in the earlier article. "He has not as yet drawn a lady with much success." Girlhood had proved beyond him. Even Maisie, in *The Light that Failed*, was to Mr. Barrie utterly uninteresting—colourless and a nonentity.

In these two appreciations, the first written in 1890, the other in 1891, the opinions expressed are practically the same, but the attitudes are entirely different. In the first the note of surprise is evident, and the hesitation, the uncertainty as to the future, which Mr. Kipling's precocity made inevitable in all the earlier reviews of his work. In the second he is accepted as a writer of mark, a man about whom his fellow-workers cannot fail to have a definite opinion. And Mr. Barrie has some very well-defined opinions, especially on the subject of style. He criticises Mark Twain's saying—"It would be a good thing to read Mr. Kipling's writings for their style alone, if there were no story back of it." It might, Mr. Barrie says, be a good thing if it were not impossible, the style being the story. He contrasts him sharply with Robert Louis Stevenson. "He is to Mr. Stevenson as phonetic spelling is to pure English." And on this theme Mr. Barrie dilates at length, admitting that Mr. Kipling gains his end—the vivid presentment of his idea—by coarseness sometimes, by audacity often, but showing that whether by "journalese" or Lindley Murray he gains it and clinches it, and secures it as few other writers have ever done. "While Mr. Stevenson sets his horse at ideas of one syllable, and goes over like a bird, Mr. Kipling is facing Mesopotamia and reaching the other side, perhaps on his head, or muddy."

In the *British Weekly* Mr. Barrie insisted much on Mr. Kipling's cynicism. He was too much of a cynic to be a poet, and his verses, many of them, were only "spirited doggerel." That, however, was Mr. Barrie's opinion when he had only the *Departmental Ditties* to judge by. Probably he has modified it since 1890. But the charge of cynicism he repeats again and again. It is "that of one who rejoices in being a cynic." It dwells upon the ugly side of humanity and of society. It confines its attention to the "dirty corner of the room." But ten years have changed that too, and even in these first months of Kipling's career Mr. Barrie had a generous acknowledgment for "the brilliant style, the masterly character-sketching and the quaint humour," and a hopeful prophecy for the future. The young man's audacity took his elders aback just at first; they were hardly prepared to find it genius. "He began by dancing on ground that most novelists look long at before they adventure a foot." Mr. Barrie had no objection to his dancing on this risky ground; but he was conscious of a lack of perspective in Mr. Kipling's work. He flashed his lightning into his own corner vividly enough. Mr. Barrie would have liked a wider view simply for the sake of comparison and the sense of proportion. And once more it seems to us that these ten years will have given him what he wanted.

On the whole, however, Mr. Barrie considered that Mr. Kipling's chief defect was ignorance of life, and in substantiating this somewhat startling charge he says some of the wisest and weightiest

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things he has ever said, even when at work in his own field, which is not criticism. "He believes" (Mr. Barrie is speaking of Dick Heldar in *The Light that Failed*, whom he identifies with Mr. Kipling) "that because he has knocked about the world in shady company he has no more to learn. It never dawns on him that he is but a beginner in knowledge of life compared to many men who have stayed at home with their mothers. He knows so little where is the fire in which men and women are proved that he has crossed a globe for it, which is like taking a journey to look for one's shadow." And this is, or, at all events, was, in 1891, Mr. Barrie's ultimatum. "With the mass of his fellow-creatures Mr. Kipling is out of touch, and thus they are an unknown tongue to him. He will not even look for the key. At present he is a rare workman with a contempt for the best material." Here we have a hint of that serious limitation which still stifles the highest reach of genius in Mr. Kipling by contracting the broad, human sympathies, the large tolerance, the deeper trust in mankind, the mighty hopes which distinguish the great artist.

There are probably only two foreigners in the world capable of writing a history of Japanese literature, and one of these is, beyond doubt, Mr. William George Aston, C.M.G., whose most interesting *History of Japanese Literature* has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. Mr. Aston's connection with Japan began five-and-thirty years ago. He knew Japan in her picturesque old days, before the Revolution of 1867 had unseated the last of the Shoguns, and resuscitated the Mikado as the constitutional head of the leaders of the great clans, such as the Satsuma and Choshiu. He began his connection with Japan as a student-interpreter in 1864, became interpreter and translator to the English Legation at Yedo, as Tokio was called in those days, in 1870; assistant Japanese Secretary to the Legation in 1875 and Japanese Secretary in 1886. In Japan, besides the ordinary first, second and third secretaries, the English Minister is provided with a Japanese Secretary, that is, a Japanese-speaking English secretary, a most responsible officer in a country where only about one Englishman in a hundred can read a word of the language, and not a very much larger percentage can speak it. There are English financial institutions of the first rank in Japan which have not a single Englishman in their employ who understands Japanese, all the interpreting being done through a Chinese shroff or compradore.

A correspondent from Clifton Springs, New York, writes us to ask if the allusion to the Christian name of Dumas's much acted hero in the June number of THE BOOKMAN was not "a bright joke" of our own. She further assures us that *her* D'Artagnan "was christened Louis in the first chapter," and asks "When did he become Jonas?" We are not at all surprised at this, nor are we sorry to be thus provoked to say a word or two about the amazing manner in which Dumas's work has been "done" into English. If our correspondent will look into the first chapter of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* in the original French she will find that it contains no allusion to D'Artagnan's Christian name. The "Louis" was a gratuity on the part of the translator—he probably liked that name, or he thought that all Frenchmen were named Louis—when they were not named Alphonse—or else it was sheer excess of impudence and bad manners. Very likely the last, for the smudge of his hoof is apparent on every page—distorting the text, suppressing expletives, assuring us in foot-notes that he, as a pretty good English horseman, finds the feats of Dumas's cavaliers ridiculous, and warning us loftily that the author and not the translator is responsible for the book. Adding a simple "Louis" is a very small matter to the translator, who in *Vingt Ans Après* arrogantly suppresses an entire chapter that is not only in itself important, but is absolutely essential to a comprehension of the story. If our correspondent will take up *Vingt Ans Après* and turn to the fortieth chapter she will find a letter from the Gascon to Athos, Comte de la Fère, signed "Jonas d'Artagnan."

Harking back to what was said in the June number about the significance of

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D'Artagnan's Christian name and the conventional stage conception of the character, something is also due to the memory of Messieurs Athos, Porthos and Aramis, about as amiable a trio of cut-throats as can be found in the annals of history or romance. Of course, over the footlights they are mere supernumeraries, lugged in by the scruff of the neck as foils for the Gascon—as a concession to Dumas. No stage is broad enough, no stagecraft elastic enough to permit of their being given the places to which they are entitled. In the Valhalla of fiction there is none at once so well loved and so contemptuously scorned. They are men's heroes. Literary floorwalkers find them inelegant; smug young public-school principals assure you that they are very sensational, and loftily deplore and pity the extravagances and shortcomings of their creator; the Hypatias of the "Ladies' Reading Circles"—those charitable institutions for people of small brains and defective education—sniff and pass imperiously by. Probably the woman never lived who took up *Les Trois Mousquetaires* with the proper spirit of affection, reverence and humanity. The banquets with which Dumas and Fielding and Rabelais regale us are—more's the pity!—strictly stag affairs.

To bring out on the stage the character of Aramis it would be necessary to build a play about him alone. In the accepted stage versions Athos has had a past; Porthos a baldric and a stuffed coat; Aramis nothing. Dumas's heart was never with the Abbé; despite this, perhaps even by reason of it, Aramis is at times the most marvellous and many-sided creation of the four. The playwright has made use only of the tragic side of Athos's character; his serenity and nobility are wholly ignored. The prologue to the Sidney Grundy version was entirely superfluous. It was a good, strong scene, but the setting belonged properly to the logical climax of the story—the execution of Miladi at the village of Armentières. The history of the branding of Anne de Breiul is best told by the maudlin Athos, over the *cabaret* table. In the narration, broken by hoots of ironic laughter, we have at a glance Dumas's splendidly tragic conception of the character.

The humour of the stage musketeers is born entirely of D'Artagnan's *Gasconnades.* Baron Porthos du Vallon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds, etc.—one of the really great humorous creations of fiction—is comparatively ignored, despite the fact that throughout *Les Trois Mousquetaires, Vingt Ans Après* and the *Vicomte de Bragelonne* he is the spirit of a thousand buffooneries of speech and action that seem especially fitted for stage presentation. Quite at random, let us suggest Mousqueton's account of Porthos's weekly round of occupations in *Vingt Ans Après* as a comic footlight device comparable to Cyrano's six methods of getting to the moon. Of course the primary reason for the suppression of Porthos as a character is physical. One could not readily find, even among the troupe of stalking young giants and giantesses whom the Frohmans use in their romantic melodramas, an actor six feet six inches in height and weighing two hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois—as did Dumas's musketeer.

Anonymity has its advantages, after all, as witness the following:

Sirs: I do not demand your sympathy, but I ask for it in all humility. A gentleman who, I believe, hails from California, is possessed of a very ready wit. He loves children; so do I. He writes nonsense; so do I. He is fain to have kinship with the fairies; I am already one of their best friends; free of their craft.

Sometimes, in various periodicals, I sign my name; so does he. We have even clashed in the same issue of the same paper. His name—one must be courteous in these matters—is GELETT BURGESS. Mine is horribly similar—GILBERT BURGESS.

I recently wrote some signed art criticisms in a daily paper concerning the pictures that should never have been painted at the Academy and New Gallery. To him, in many quarters, was accorded the discredit. He, telling monstrous child tales in a paper devoted to the interests of women generally and fashion-plates in particular, has made a great success. But part of this has been accredited to me.

What am I to do?

Shall I go to California and become a humorist under his name, or shall I persuade him to stay in this country and become a critic under my name?

I respect him; but I fear him, seeing that he

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gets the credit of all my worst work and I get the credit of all his best. And he is bound to have his revenge.

Perhaps you, sir, can arrange a meeting between us, so that we may be able to effect a compromise. For instance, a bond might be drawn up thus: I, in future, will sign Harold Brown; he, in his turn, will inscribe himself John Smith. I am, etc.,

Gilbert Burgess.

Mr. Burgess's (Gelett) series of fairy tales, entitled *The Lively City o' Ligg,* appearing at present in the *Criterion* here and in the *Queen* in England, will be collected and published as a Christmas book for children; and his *Goop Babies,* now adorning the pages of *St. Nicholas,* will experience the same fortune.

We have been requested to publish the following letter from Sir Martin Conway, the Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Incorporated Society of Authors:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Sirs: I see in your issue of May a reference is made to the Authors' Society. It is not my desire in any way to pass remarks with regard to the gentleman you term the "Napoleon of Print," but as representative of the Society of Authors I think it only fair that the statement you have made should not pass without some answer, especially as the statement not being absolutely incorrect leads to a false deduction. The Society of Authors was established in 1884 for the following purposes:

1. The maintenance, definition, and defence of literary, dramatic and musical property.

2. The consolidation and amendment of the Laws of Domestic Copyright.

3. The promotion of International Copyright.

It does not and may not in any way act as an agent and is not and may not be a trading body. Whether it has succeeded in its aims and objects must be a matter of opinion. It is only necessary to say that it has a membership of fourteen hundred and that that membership is still increasing. So far from acting and doing agents' work, it has in its position as defender of literary property constantly to advise authors to be as careful in dealing with literary agents as they are in dealing with publishers, advice that is most necessary in the present day.

I have put this statement forward, as the writer of the article referred to is evidently entirely ignorant of the work that the society has carried on for fifteen years and of the results it has obtained on behalf of authors.

I cannot allow it to pass that any gentleman, however distinguished, has by his own individual effort not only achieved more than the society, but anticipated its action. This includes not only the great principles laid down above for the vindication of which it was established, but every conceivable detail relating to the business management of literary property. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, May 9, 1899. *Martin Conway.*

Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company will be the publishers of Mr. Arthur Morrison's new novel, entitled *To London Town,* which we announced as in preparation some time ago. It is a story of East End life, but deals with quite a different phase from that which forms the subject-matter of the same author's *Tales of Mean Streets* and *A Child of the Jago. To London Town* will be published in the autumn.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's new novel, *Affairs of State,* which is now running serially in *Macmillan's Magazine,* will be published in book form in England and America in the early part of next year. We understand that Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, and not the Macmillan Company, as has been elsewhere stated, will be the publishers of Mr. Churchill's book. This will do something toward clearing the confusion that has already arisen about the name of Mr. Winston Churchill, of *Celebrity* fame, whose *Richard Carvel* has just been published, and that of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's son.

We learn that Mr. Frank T. Bullen, the author of those delightful books *The Cruise of the Cachalot* and *Idylls of the Sea,* has recently resigned his appointment at the Meteorological Office in London in order to devote the whole of his time to literary work.

Mr. Stephen Crane has just finished the novel on which he has been engaged

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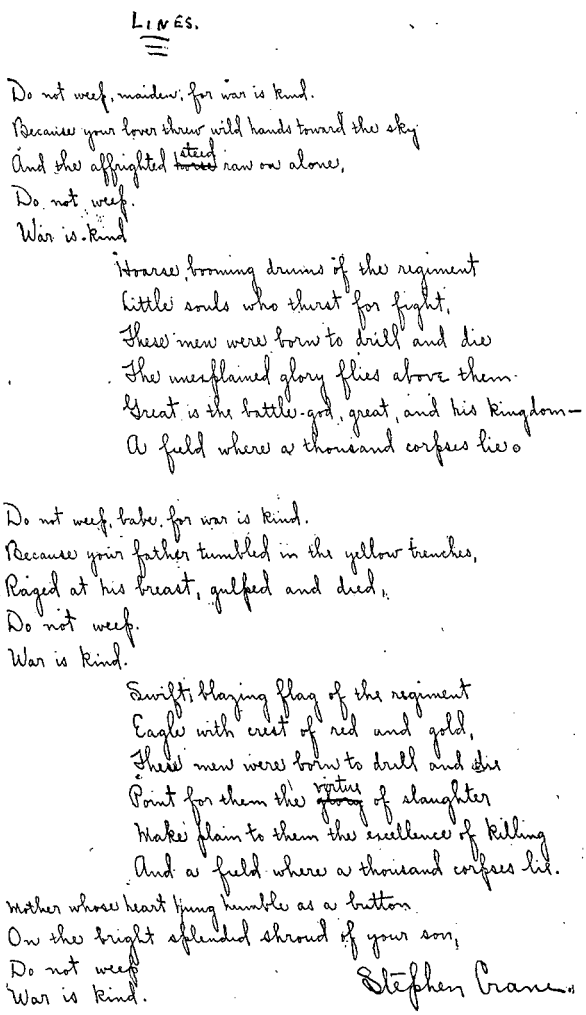

LINES.

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment
Little souls who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die
The unexplained glory flies above them
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom—
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Swift, blazing flag of the regiment
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die
Point for them the virtue of slaughter
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep
War is kind.

Stephen Crane.

FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, REDUCED ABOUT ONE-FOURTH ITS SIZE.

since his return to London from Cuba. The book will probably not appear until next year, as the novel is to be published serially in the first instance. His *War is Kind,* containing this and other poems, has just been issued, with drawings by Will Bradley. The publishers are the Frederick A. Stokes Company, and a notice of the book appears on another page. *War is Kind* was originally published in THE BOOKMAN for February, 1896, and a fac-simile of the manuscript, which is still in our possession, is herewith given.

The added sketches to the new edition of Mr. James L. Ford's *The Literary Shop,* published by the Chelsea Company, are descriptive of life and letters in the McClure village of Syndicate, which model literary community, according to Mr. Ford, "was established about four years ago on a convenient and healthful rise of ground overlooking the Hackensack River, which is navigable at that point." Mr. Ford tells us the story of this strange village of nearly four thousand able-bodied authors, poets and syndicate hands, together with their wives and families, with a gravity worthy of Tartarin at Port Tarascon. He was fortunate enough to witness the arrival of the herd of blooded Scotch dialect authors imported under a year's contract for work on the serial *Blithe Jockie's Gane Awa'.* He came upon them as they were tramping across the Jersey prairies in the wake of a pair of bleating bagpipes, rounded up and driven into their corral in the principal thoroughfare of the village of Syndicate by a panting but vigilant collie secured for the purpose from a firm of Edinburgh publishers. Life in Syndicate is singularly free from the hardships which are supposed to be attendant upon a literary career. The "hands" are comfortably housed and fed, draw steady wages and have their hours of outdoor relaxation. Mr. Ford gives us a delightfully idyllic description of their annual field sports, showing them meeting in healthy, invigorating athletic competition, vying with each other in "putting the twenty-pound *Harper's Bazar* joke," and "chasing the greased publisher."

Perhaps the charm of *The Literary Shop* is in a measure due to the fact that we have so few books of genuine satire. Much has been said of Mr. Ford's passion for pricking shams, but here his humour is, in the main, kindly and genial; of the sort that should be relished even by those who are made the victims. But occasionally Mr. Ford lays aside this

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tone of pleasant banter and takes up the cudgel in goodly earnest. Underlying his sarcasm is a sturdy belief in, an honest reverence for, all that is true and strong and sincere in all literature; his scorn for dull pretence and for those people who believe in it and fawn upon it, flashes out brightly and bitterly. He refers to a magazine article published in June, 1875, in which the writer, a man totally unknown to fame, treating of the Latin Quarter of Paris, takes up the *Vie de Bohême* and gravely says that he finds nothing funny in the programme of the reception given by Marcel, the "Great Painter," and Rodolphe, the "Great Poet." For twenty years it has been rankling, and the vigour with which Mr. Ford brings down his cudgel on the offending skull is very warming to the heart that at one and twenty or thereabouts has throbbed under the influence of Murger's book—been moved to laughter and tears by the story of the immortal four—a brotherhood comparable only to that other four of the romance of Alexandre Dumas. Mr. Ford's liking for Bohemia is not confined to the *Pays Latin* of the southern bank of the Seine. It is of interest that he believes in the existence of a New York Bohemia. He told us of it in *Bohemia Invaded;* it is constantly referred to in *The Literary Shop*. He does not find it at artist teas or in bachelor girls' studios, but in the normal haunts of the sane, healthy, hard-working newspaper man—a Bohemia of "bobtails" and "pat hands" and "straddles" and rye whiskey. In the eighth decade of the century it gathered in Pfaff's, where the poets repaired after successful invasions of Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* sanctum.

We hope that Mr. Ford is not going to be content with what he has said in *The Literary Shop*. There is more to be written about the subject—much more—more ribs to be playfully jabbed, more humbugs and shams to be stoutly attacked, and Mr. Ford is the man to do it. There is urgent need for a companion volume, "The Literary Coast" or something of that kind, that shall humorously tell of the other side of the question—life among the thousands and thousands of utterly "impossible" people who are jostling and pushing to get themselves and their wares past the custom-house officers, so to speak, that guard the literary frontier. We want to hear, for instance, what he has to say about the woman of literary aspirations who, upon receiving the conventional printed slip of rejection, finds consolation in the "rejection does not necessarily imply want of merit" clause, which she later translates to an admiring circle of friends as "having received a personal letter from the editor of the —— complimenting me on my literary work"; what he has to say about public-school principals who "patronise" Balzac, or flatly refuse to patronise him—the list deserving of castigation is a long one, and, as we have said, Mr. Ford is the man to lay on the birch.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton confesses to having been bored to death by one of the annual Authors' dinners which she attended once and to which only members of the Authors' Society are admitted. The price is limited to a guinea a plate. It takes place in the large banqueting room of the Holborn Restaurant, and usually about three hundred people are present. The dinner is always excellent and is enjoyed by a great many distinguished people. But, so Mrs. Atherton says, nothing could exceed the dulness of the speeches, most of which were a half hour long. "First the chairman prosed away; then an ambassador spoke in French for thirty-five minutes; then an able writer spoke and spoke and spoke, until the chairs of the lower tables scraped by themselves. When it came to Rider Haggard's turn he literally beat his breast in the effort to be animated and jolly." Every one seemed to be oppressed by the memory of the guinea he had sacrificed for the honour of belonging to the aristocracy of the Authors' Society.

Mrs. Atherton has revised a paper on "Literary London" which she read at the Washington Club, Washington, D. C., and has allowed it to be printed in our English contemporary. Mrs. Atherton's notion of Literary London is, of course, conceived from Mrs. Atherton's peculiar point of view, and is a thing of social functions, dinners, teas, receptions and all that sort of thing. There is the Ladies'

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Dinner at the Vagabonds' Club, at which Conan Doyle and Frankfort Moore offend Mrs. Atherton by long speeches, and Anthony Hope and Mrs. Henry Norman please her by their brevity and grace and wit. Then there are the weekly teas at the Woman Writers' Club; and once upon a time the Duchess of Sutherland—who writes puzzles for *The Gentlewoman*—gave up Stafford House to one of the Society of Women Journalists' tea crushes. Mrs. Atherton's point of view is decidedly entertaining, and, naturally, unconventional, but it does not seem to have much to do with literature. She appears to have a keen eye for the sort of appearance that her social literary acquaintances make—the smartly dressed men, the headgear and gowns of the women, and the display of jewels. It is all very superficial and frothy and far away from what we have conceived Literary London to be—but that is another story.

Incidentally, Mrs. Atherton lets us see what she thinks of some of the great writers of the day. According to Mrs. Atherton, there is no one in England today who combines the genuine story-telling faculty with a perfect style. Even the worshippers of George Meredith will attempt but a feeble defence when "his atrocious style" comes up for discussion. Hardy, whose style is better because simpler, "lacks the higher distinction;" Mrs. Ward is a good story-teller "gone wrong;" Kipling's style is his own, and he has caused his "scorn for the literary manner" to reverberate. The style of most of the popular romanticists is "second rate;" and although Hope and Weyman write like scholarly gentlemen and have cultivated an artistic brevity "they are not stylists." She tells us that when a new writer appears in London whose every sentence glitters, a certain group, who have made a fetish of what they call style, prostrate themselves before this new writer and hail him as a new genius. "That he lacks the first essential of genius, the creative fire, does not worry them at all. That variety must be discovered by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, by the *Saturday Review*, or by, possibly, *The Spectator*." Dr. Robertson Nicoll, by the way, is one of Mrs. Atherton's "discoverers," and has been very zealous in her behalf since she began to arrive during the past two years. Henry James is one of those stylists "who would sell a human emotion for three words uniquely put together." He has now become so exacting that it is all he can do to finish a sentence. He has been so persistently and laboriously imitated, poor man, that he has finally turned about and begun to imitate himself. His large and distinguished vocabulary has almost ceased "to have any meaning for Mr. James—or for his readers." Mrs. Atherton drops the information here that he reviewed a book of hers once, and she adds, "I do not know to this day whether he liked it or not." It is Mrs. Meynell's name that has been the responsible red rag for all this tirade of Mrs. Atherton's, on what she calls the literature of words. Her scorn of the "elusive" and "faddish" Mrs. Meynell is the most real thing in this paper on Literary London. It gives her a text for a sermon on style whose conclusion is to the effect that Mrs. Meynell—and oh, we forgot Mr. W. E. Henley—are a sort of portent of the decadence, the loss of virility, that must follow upon over-civilisation.

Great amusement is often caused by the curious names under which well-known books are asked for. Here are a few specimens from a London bookseller's list:

Titles Given.	What They Should Have Been.
Shakespeare's Judith. Ed. by Black.	Judith Shakespeare. By W. Black.
The Curtain will not Rise To-night. By Thorpe.	Thorpe's Curfew must not ring To-night.
His Equals and other Poems.	Ezekiel and Other Poems.
Paradise of Burglars.	Burglars in Paradise.
Four Wings and an Arm.	Four Winds Farm.
The Newcomers.	Thackeray's Newcomes.
Harry Snoodle's Masterpiece.	Aristotle's Masterpiece.
Genaire.	Jane Eyre.
Darwin's Indecent Man.	Darwin's Descent of Man.
Galloping Midwives.	Galabin's Treatise on Midwifery.
Moses Hart's Twelve Masses.	Mozart's Twelfth Mass.
Homer's The Ills He Had.	Homer's Iliad.
How I roasted Moses.	How I reached the Masses.

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It gives us genuine pleasure to announce that Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have acquired the plates of Mark Rutherford's three remarkable books—*The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*—and will reissue them in a more worthy manner than has yet been done in this country. They will be published in two volumes—*The Autobiography* and *Deliverance,* being really the same story, will be included in one volume.

We reproduce George Eliot's dedication of the manuscript of *Adam Bede* to George Henry Lewes. The original is among the British Museum autographs.

"To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes,
I give this MS. of a work which would
never have been written but for the
happiness which his love has conferred
on my life.

Marian Lewes.

March 23. 1859

CONCERNING "RICHARD CARVEL."

THE AUTHOR AND HIS CRITIC.

I.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Dear Sirs: I have no doubt that you will do me the justice to print in your July number this reply to the statements of Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine's review of *Richard Carvel,* which appeared in the June BOOKMAN. Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine has taken up a page or more in his attempt to pick up petty inaccuracies, though he afterward kindly acknowledges the faults of the book not to be many. It seems rather hard luck that after two years of study upon a subject I should be accused of slipshod work and lack of historical accuracy in such a prominent magazine as THE BOOKMAN, and by a reviewer who is ignorant.

In the first place, if Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine knew anything about the history of Annapolis, he would not criticise me for calling the State House of that town "Stadt House." It was so universally called in Annapolis in the eighteenth century. I refer him to Scharff's *History of Maryland,* to Riley's *History of Annapolis,* and especially to p. 146, Letter of October 4, 1773, of Eddis's *Letters* from America. If he cannot find a copy of the latter work I will gladly lend him mine, which is, however, very valuable. The business and population of Annapolis, far from

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being, as Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine asserts, "about the same as one hundred and twenty-five years ago," are now shrunk into a comparative insignificance. The population just before the Revolution was about 30,000; it is at present in the neighbourhood of 5000. And it is absurd to compare the business of Annapolis now, which is chiefly canning oysters, with its trade when it was the chief town of a rich colony, when it ranked in importance with New York and Williamsburg and Philadelphia. It was never, indeed, much of a port of trade. Both Scharff and Riley enter into the great commercial decline of Annapolis and the corresponding rise of Baltimore.

If Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine maintains that Annapolis to-day is as gay and brilliant as in the times when it was the winter home of the planters and lawyers whose wealth built and supported it, then he does not know the meaning of the words *gay* and *brilliant*. I am sure the most loyal citizen of the old town will not claim gaiety and brilliancy for it. Even its historian does not. Save for the dances at the Naval Academy and an occasional entertainment at the Governor's residence, there is nothing to break the sleep of a century and more. Pray, has Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine ever been to Annapolis? My own "visit" there, which he seems to know all about, extended over four years, and I have no hesitation in reaffirming that the old town is dead. And save for a very few houses which are lived in by the descendants of the original owners, the mansions are stripped of their old furniture, and are now mostly boarding-houses for naval candidates. It was to this large majority I referred in my foreword.

Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine condescendingly goes on to say: "For a man not to the manner born, and not an inheritor of the spirit and tradition of the old colonial town, which seems almost embalmed in the past, the writer has done remarkably well." Whether or not I am to the manner born is, in short, none of Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine's business, and wholly outside of a reviewer's province. But it is clear Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine has done me the honour to look up my genealogy, and has got that wrong likewise. And I would call your attention to the fact that, if I have called Annapolis dead, it has been left to Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine to "embalm" it.

Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine has not pretended to review *Richard Carvel*. He says: "Everything related after Carvel reaches London has been so often written about that the story becomes somewhat wearisome before the scene again changes." I know of no novel in which Charles Fox has been made a prominent character, nor any American fiction in which John Paul Jones has appeared since Cooper's novels.

Even the most cursory of Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine's statements is untrue. The old bell of St. Anne's Church does not "ring now as it did then," since the old bell was destroyed in the fire of 1858. I can show Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine a piece of the metal. Very truly yours,

Winston Churchill.

May 28, 1899, Windsor, Vermont.

II.

To the Editors of The Bookman:

Dear Sirs: I regret that Mr. Churchill should think that I designed to cast reflections upon his pedigree or genealogy, as he calls it, when I suggested in the review which he answers that he was not "to the manner born." My allusion was to the familiar lines, "Although I am native here and to the manner born." I said, and only meant to say, that Maryland does not have the honour of counting Mr. Churchill among her distinguished sons. I make bold to infer this not only for the reasons mentioned in the review, but also from the fact that he was appointed a cadet to the Naval Academy from Missouri; although the extremely urbane and courteous tone of his letter might well lead me to suppose that he is a descendant of the aristocratic leaders of the colonial society he writes about in *Richard Carvel*.

I think it worth while to make only a brief answer to his protest, in which he appears to think that he made short work of my review. Mr. Churchill's distinct statement that Annapolis had a population of 30,000 in 1770 is very easily disproved. Ridgely, in his *Annals of Annapolis*, quotes (p. iii) a French visitor during the Revolution: "In that very inconsiderable town, standing at the mouth of the Severn, where it falls into the bay, of the few buildings it contains——." Eddis says, in 1769: "At present the city has more the appearance of an agreeable village, than the metropolis of an opulent province." Even in 1790 the first Federal census gave a population of only 22,598 to the whole county of Anne Arundel—one of the largest in the State—which included Annapolis and what is now Howard County. As a further proof of the size of the town at the time, there hangs on the wall of the City

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Council Chamber at Annapolis now a plan of that city before 1784, certified to in the year 1798 by John Callahan, Land Commissioner of Maryland, which shows Annapolis was considerably smaller in area before 1784 than at present. According to the census of 1820, the population was 2260. Mr. Churchill's other statement that the population of Annapolis is now 5000 is as easily disproved by the census of 1890, which gives 7604, while the growth is at present larger. In fact, the city is larger now than it has ever been.

Annapolis was at no time in its history a centre of trade. It was the winter residence of wealthy planters who then occupied their town houses—nearly all of which are still standing and in excellent preservation. Mr. Churchill will find in the *Maryland Gazette* of April 23, 1772, an advertisement by Thomas Eden showing that much of such business as was done by the planters was done outside of Annapolis. Ridgely (p. 110) says: "It never acquired a large population, nor any great degree of commercial importance." Also, McMahon, p. 257.

Mr. Churchill's assertion about the present state of society in Annapolis will excite surprise if it is read by the residents of that city. They are under the impression—an erroneous one, if Mr. Churchill is to be trusted—that there are enough people living in their own houses and not supported by boarders to constitute a very charming and cultivated society. I may add that this impression is shared by visitors to Annapolis who have enjoyed the privileges of their circle. I can, however, easily imagine that a cadet at the Academy who is only allowed to go out occasionally would know nothing of this society and would come away with the idea that the dances at the Academy in which he participated are the only social gatherings of the town.

Mr. Churchill has likewise fallen into error regarding the bell of old St. Anne. It is true that it was destroyed in the fire of February 14, 1858, but the melted metal was recast under the direction of Mr. George Wells into the bell which now summons the citizens to prayer as in former times.

In regard to the term "Stadt House," I may say that it could easily be shown that this was not the name *universally* given to the State House prior to the Revolutionary war. I will make no long quotations, but in Riley, on pp. 58, 66, 67, 91, 108, 120, 199, Mr. Churchill will find contemporary documents in which the word State House is used. I cheerfully admit that Eddis, in his *Letters,* does once refer to the Stadt House, but on p. 14 he calls the building the Court House, and that was probably the common name. (See also Riley, p. 81.) I may add that the *Baltimore Sun,* in a notice of *Richard Carvel* on June 3, expressed disapprobation of the use of the word Stadt House. I have not found it necessary to avail myself of the great mark of confidence which Mr. Churchill so courteously offers to confer upon me by borrowing his copy of Eddis's *Letters.* It is likely that Mr. Churchill exaggerates the pecuniary value of that book, as it is found in four libraries in Baltimore city and in the libraries at Annapolis. An amusing thing about the appearance of the State House in *Richard Carvel* is that at the very time (in 1772 and a little later) when it is referred to, it was not in existence. The old State House was torn down about 1770 and the foundation stone of the present building was laid in 1772 (Ridgely, p. 146).

I did not say in my review that Fox had ever figured before in fiction, but that English society in the eighteenth century had been frequently described—and by many brilliant novelists. I think, however, Mr. Churchill will find that the Honourable Mrs. Gore, whose delightful works possess a genuine historic value, gives Fox a prominent place in her novel, *Memoirs of a Peeress; or, The Days of Fox.* As for Paul Jones, he is made the hero of five romances and a play, of which Cooper's *Pilot,* Dumas's *Captain Paul,* and *Paul Jones,* by Allan Cunningham, are not only well known, but have a considerable reputation. The readers of THE BOOKMAN would hardly be interested in any reply by me to Mr. Churchill's praise in his letter of that part of his book relating to London life in the last century. Perhaps he has heard that the good opinion of a man that gets abroad is like charity, and begins at home. This may be true of a man as an individual, but I am rather inclined to think that I shall be doing a kindness to Mr. Churchill as a writer by reminding him of Bentley's maxim, that "no man was ever written down except by himself."

Yours very truly,

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

June 7, Baltimore, Md.

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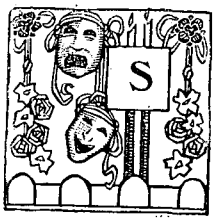
THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



HAKESPEARE seems to be enjoying fairly good health, with three new American Juliets in one spring and plans for revivals of his plays by the leading English actors. If he should cease to be an overshadowing literary influence, what would become of the critics who, like George Bernard Shaw, owe so much to towering above this particular poet? There would be no one else for them to pose against. New York dramatic critics had this pleasure during the past season. They were able to patronise the dramatist while he was at the Herald Square, explaining why the people did not want him, and when he crowded the Empire it was easy to point out that Maude Adams had enough genius to make even Juliet just like a real schoolgirl. Sarcey, by the way, had his chance at William just before he died, and he took a generous fall out of *Othello*. He liked the first, third and fifth acts, and thought the other two hopeless. This, from Sarcey's point of view, was fair enough, and the old man was intelligent and honest. When Shakespeare was concentrating on exposition or climax Sarcey could recognise his power, but when he was pausing between the points of emphasis, to sketch the broad world in which he usually set the central story, our French friend could not see the relevance. Sarcey's strength, great as it was, was purely French, and we need hardly wonder that parts of Shakespeare seemed unreasonable to him when we remember the improvements made by Goethe and Schiller. It was, after all, a fine brand of common-sense and experience that Uncle Sarcey had. When Clement Scott, who since he left the *Telegraph* has divided his services between the New York *Herald* and Mr. Charles Frohman, without finding any conflict of interests, likens himself to Sarcey, with approval for the latter, he forgets that the Frenchman was a man of independence and culture, who represented the intelligence of the majority and not its gush.

We must get back to this vicinity, however, since in Boston Julia Arthur has given us the third Juliet of the year. This actress is now in an experimental stage, and it will require some time to prove whether she is going to rely too much on her charms and the expensive trappings made possible by wealth, or to do something of importance. What she most needs is an efficient and at the same time cultivated manager—the rarest article in the theatrical world. Many of us, including our good uncle just dead, detest the whole star system, but as it has come to stay, we might as well try to improve it. With a manager who knew at just what Miss Arthur ought to aim, and just how that end could be reached, she might do much, for she not only has gifts herself, but freedom from the necessity of making money ought to be an artistic advantage, although it might be the reverse. Her company was very bad. With the right instinct you can find actors in Keokuk or Oshkosh, bringing them to the light in places as unexpected as those in which Adrian Constantine Anson used to discover athletes. If it was her experience with Henry Irving that caused Miss Arthur's confidence in carloads of scenery, crowds, lights and orchestral noise, it was a sorry lesson. Sir Henry himself succeeded in converting *Macbeth* from a tragedy into a spectacle, and Miss Arthur put on *Romeo and Juliet* without adequate resources of any kind except scenic. Shakespeare is the last playwright in whom feeble acting can be atoned for by excessive decoration. Another thing that is making it more difficult to present his plays properly is the tendency to substitute "business" for elocution in acting,

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for the player of poetic tragedy has to depend upon the voice for effects which nothing else can give. Miss Arthur herself did some things well, especially with her voice, and Mr. Hart now and then struck the right notes as Romeo, but not often. The cast as a whole was quite unfit for its task. It would seem as if there must be men around somewhere with the gifts needed for a manager, but why they do not respond to the demand is a mystery.

Actresses seem to give us more to talk about this year than actors. Perhaps even in stage matters America is the land of woman's superiority. Richard Mansfield in *Cyrano,* James A. Herne in *Griffith Davenport,* Nat Goodwin in *Nathan Hale,* have caused discussion among the intelligent; but compare these new creations with Annie Russell and Mrs. Le Moyne in *Catherine;* Julia Arthur's new Galatea, Rosalind and Parthenia; Mrs. Fiske's new creations in *Magda, Frou-Frou* and *Little Italy;* Mrs. Carter's sensational effectiveness in *Zaza;* Olga Nethersole's new interpretations in *Camille, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Profligate,* and the women certainly seem to be in the lead. Just at the end of the season Miss Nethersole introduced Pinero's *Profligate* to New York. She herself played well, in spite of the fact that much of the part is not in her line, and in the stronger scenes she showed high talent, but she was surrounded with a company even worse than Miss Arthur's. She used an illogical ending, which Pinero patched up to conciliate public taste, as Kipling wrote the second end to *The Light that Failed.* This change in *The Profligate* mitigated the consequences of the evils which the motive of the play was to expound. Pinero's lessons, however, usually mean little, and this drama is no exception. He cannot compete with Ibsen or Dumas when it comes to playing with psychology, and the passages in which he seriously indulges in philosophic sentiment are usually a mixture of woodenness and what the colleges ironically call "fine writing." Two things always give him his charm: his technical skill, which is so graceful when he is not following French models, and his never failing wit. *The Profligate* has some splendid theatrical situations and some delicious irony, and Miss Nethersole is one of the few actors who seem to prefer plays with character to feeble novelties without. Therefore, she is welcome to her faults, if she absolutely needs them to console her for keeping her repertory at a high level.

Stepping from Pinero to Ibsen, on the side of his talent marked by *Ghosts,* we encounter lesser charm and greater power. The play was given once at the Carnegie Lyceum, through the initiative of John Blair, to an audience composed mainly of special lovers of literature. The performance, so far as it goes, will do good, since our theatres need to become places where people think a little, rather than places where they imbibe only weak narcotics. It is not the kind of play that can ever take a high place in the world, because the object of art is to make life more abundant, and the effect of *Ghosts* is to wither the soul of even a keenly æsthetic spectator. This is not a question of disguising truth, but of the manner of its presentation. Take the saddest facts that our race has to face—disease, imbecility, death, the pains of injustice and the futility of justice—anything you like, and tell your story with light and buoyancy, with breast well forward and a healthy eye, and you make the world better able to stand the ills from which nothing can rescue it. *Romeo and Juliet* is now in the minds of everybody. What sadder truth could there be than that, through no fault of theirs, through a series of accidents, of which the worst was the failure of an obscure friar to deliver a letter, the joys of love were snatched away for the pall of death? Yet, though you leave the theatre with your voice stopped and your eyes full, you do not shrink from life, but breathe the air with a higher spirit than before. Such is the power of beauty. Had the Elizabethans been interested in heredity, Shakespeare might have pictured the evils that are drawn in *Ghosts*—a young artist worm-eaten from his birth, pining for the sun, surrounded by lies, passing into idiocy, the victim of surrounding vice—but we should have gone from the spectacle as we go from the murderous story of *Macbeth,* the wreck of *Othello,* or the gentle death of Hamlet, not only sadder and wiser, but wiser also in our happiness. In that audience at the Carnegie Hall, especially chosen as it was, when the curtain fell on the final act few failed to protest. Is

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truth less wholesome because it is well seasoned and served? When we are to see the cavernous world of sin, must our attention be distracted from its huge, cloudy symbols to its maggots and entrails? Ibsen's own doctrine in *Ghosts* he might well use for a Christmas present to himself. The boy's misfortunes grow partly out of his residence in a town where grimness takes the place of joy. If our friend the Norwegian does not like the spirit which banishes happiness in daily life and looks upon dismalness as a virtue, why not hold the same theory about art? Of course it would be easy to write with equal fervour of the inspiring skill of this play, but if tragedy is ever to be restored to its place the distinction between it and distressing analysis must be clearly understood. The acting was good. Mary Shaw is hardly to be surpassed for technical finish, and her work in the first two acts carried away a house which had a keener taste for fineness in execution than most audiences. In the last act she hailed the horrors with a too extravagant greeting, and John Blair put the greatest amount of power he has yet shown into exhibiting the purely physical aspects of imbecility. He has distinction, poise and individuality, but it would be well if something besides disease could stir him into enthusiasm.

I have saved for the last the piece which gave me more pleasure than any of these. Many others have seen *Love Finds the Way,* but it, like too much else of Mrs. Fiske's work, had escaped me, until a benefit happened along the other day, and I found the side of acting which gives it its surest worth. From a literary point of view the play was nothing, but it had situations which could be vivified; it was dominated by one character, and of that Mrs. Fiske and not the author was the creator. In the first act the cripple comes before us, intelligent, sensitive, wounded and bitter, yet recognising good and evil, penitent when she injures the kind, unrelenting when the dagger of her wit has been plunged into the false. How the very ease with which she handled her crutch had a meaning! It meant the suffering practice of years. The glance of the eye, the weary sinking into a chair, the restrained exclamation when once more she heard the well-meant, tactless commonplaces, made up a portrait drawn with the brush of a master. Not one jot of the embittering and warping influence of misfortune was eliminated, and yet so full, so intimate was the treatment that, even as the cripple snapped at everybody about her, we understood; and *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* Then the play goes on, and this poor creature reaches out for love. The softness of happy dreams comes into her world. Her nature begins to bud. As her brave soul stands on the brink of a real life, while we never forget that it is the first draught of happiness in all the weary years, a fellow-sufferer offers to dash the cup from her hand. Now again there is no tampering with the facts. In the ferocity with which the cripple drives her rival from the house there is no softening; it is the sincere cry of rage and grief with which she defends the best that she has ever been allowed to hope. There is no feeling for the other in it; and yet the very sincerity of her high-souled egotism teaches us to expect the inrush of other emotions when the outbreak of this is passed. So it is. The cripple, whose physical disease now remains only because her mind is poisoned, realises that the stranger lying in the snow is about to be killed by the approaching coach. Her crutch cannot be reached. She has formerly tried to walk without it, by the help of will, and fallen hopelessly. Now fright for another takes her beyond herself. Absorbed in the danger without, her eyes fixed upon the window, she almost staggers to a chair. Stopping there an instant, crying for aid, more and more swallowed up by the critical danger, in a moment, with a motion a little more like a walk, she reaches an open door. One more ineffectual cry, and she leaves this last support, and moves off into the snow, with a gait like yours or mine, cured. Are there many things more difficult to express than such an outward and inward change? I left Ibsen with dry-eyed admiration. I left Mrs. Fiske's performance completely moved, to carry the picture perhaps as long as I carry anything.

Norman Hapgood.

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JULIA ARTHUR AS "JULIET."

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

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"THE GREAT ELIZABETHAN BRIDGE, WHICH GIVES THE PLACE (WELLBRIDGE) HALF ITS NAME."
From a photograph by Clive Holland.

(*See page* 418.)

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THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY

Scenes from the Wessex Novels

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II.

FEW, if any, of the Wessex novels attain to the supremacy of interest which *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* has for the general reader—vastly human, tragically idyllic as it is; compact of the impulses of a woman of the soil, and a weak man's vacillations. At the time of its first appearance the story aroused much discussion and comment, one critic at least regarding it—erroneously, we should say—as a "manifestation of a new Hardy" rather than as an unusually marked and stronger development along one particular line of the novelist's preferences in his art. Although the novel is rather of the nature of a brief for the inexorableness of Fate than a story teaching any one particular moral idea (as might, perhaps, be inferred, it is the novelist's intention from the sub-title, "A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented"), it is painful with the stern reality of recorded facts rather than with that of so-called realism clumsily introduced. But with all its onward march toward the end—at times one obtains a glimpse, as it were, of the inevitableness—the story fails to carry absolute conviction. The reader is tempted in reading the last few pages of the book to ask why, when Tess has once more succumbed to the evil influence of Alec D'Urberville, the murder is committed. This may appear hypercriticism, but for not the first time in Tess's history does the motive assume an apparently shadowy and insufficient character.

With the main incidents of the story most of our readers will doubtless be familiar, with the feckless, ne'er-do-well Durbeyfield and his haphazard wife and family; with the incident of Alec D'Urberville's treachery (with which the real history of Tess may be said to commence); with Angel Clare and the life at Talbothays; with the love of Tess for Angel and her ultimate marriage with him; with their almost immediate separation on the latter's discovery of his wife's former declension from virtue; with Tess's struggle for subsistence (one of the finest parts of the novel) and faithfulness to her absent and non-communicating husband, till the villain of the piece—Tess's "bad angel"—reappears in the person of Alec D'Urberville; with the murder of the latter by Tess in the Sandbourne (Bournemouth) apartments; with the coming of Clare, too late, as so often happens with men of his type in real life as well as in fiction; with the flight of the reunited husband and wife into Wessex; with the capture of Tess at Stonehenge; with the last scene, when Angel Clare and 'Liza-Lu watch with pain-contracted hearts the black emblem denoting Tess's sudden plunge into eternity flutter slowly, almost on the stroke of eight, up the bare staff on the tower of Wintoncester (Winchester) Jail.

Once or twice during the progress of the story the novelist seems to suggest—it is little more—that Tess's misfortunes and predilections are the outcome of heredity and what are usually known as "the sins of the fathers." But it is scarcely possible to consider the book in the light of a study of hereditary consequences. There is too little indication of the life of her ancestors to allow one to trace heredity as clearly as one should to enable one to accept the conclusion of the book as in the first place inevitable and in the second as accounted for by the theory of heredity.

The story opens with what may be described as the undoing of John Durbeyfield (D'Urberville). Always lazy, he is destined to become more so by reason of the antiquarian Pa'son Tringham's indiscretion in telling him he was in reality a descendant of the D'Urbervilles, and the

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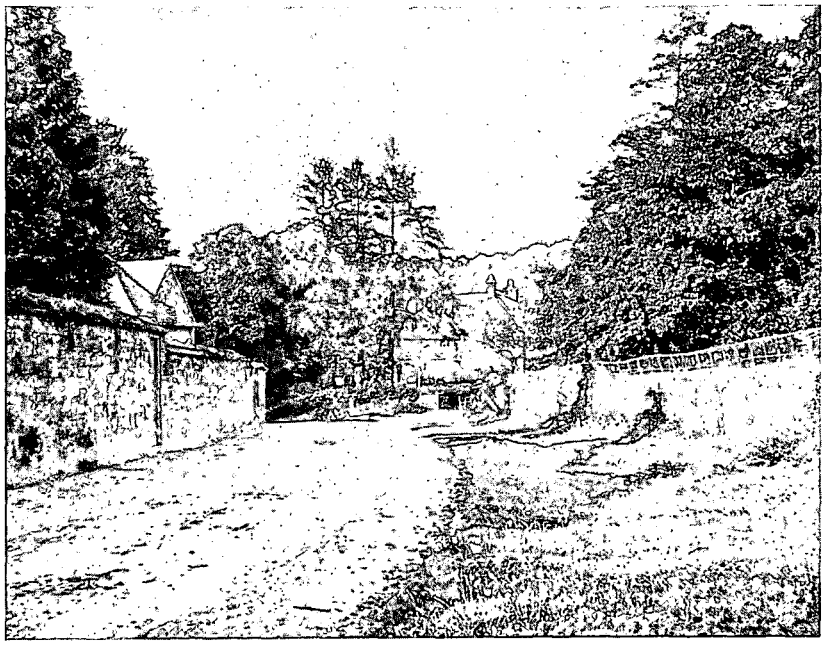
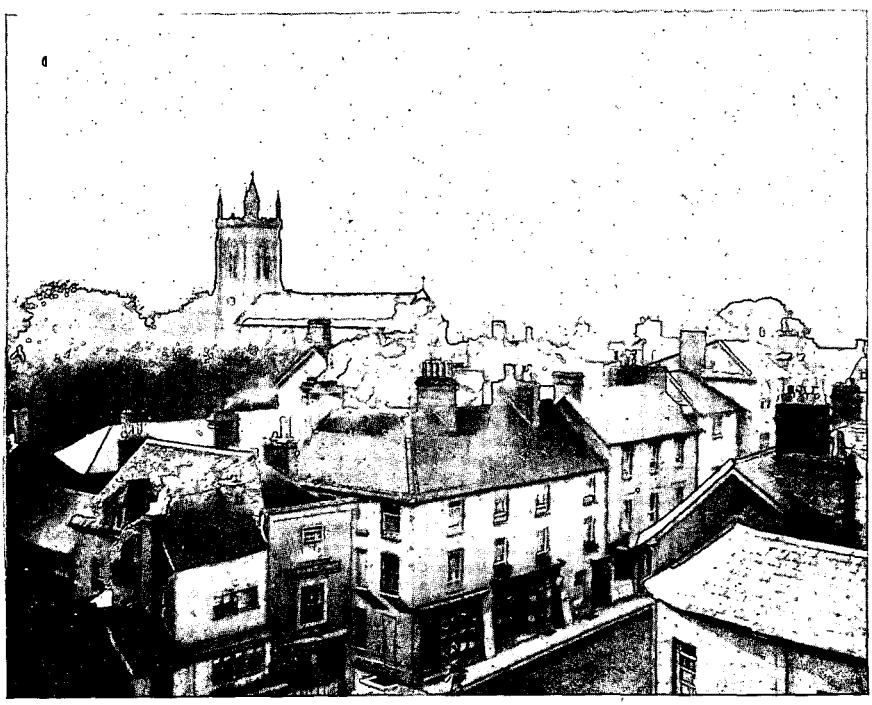


"THE ROAD TO MARLOTT."



GENERAL VIEW OF SHASTON (SHAFTESBURY).

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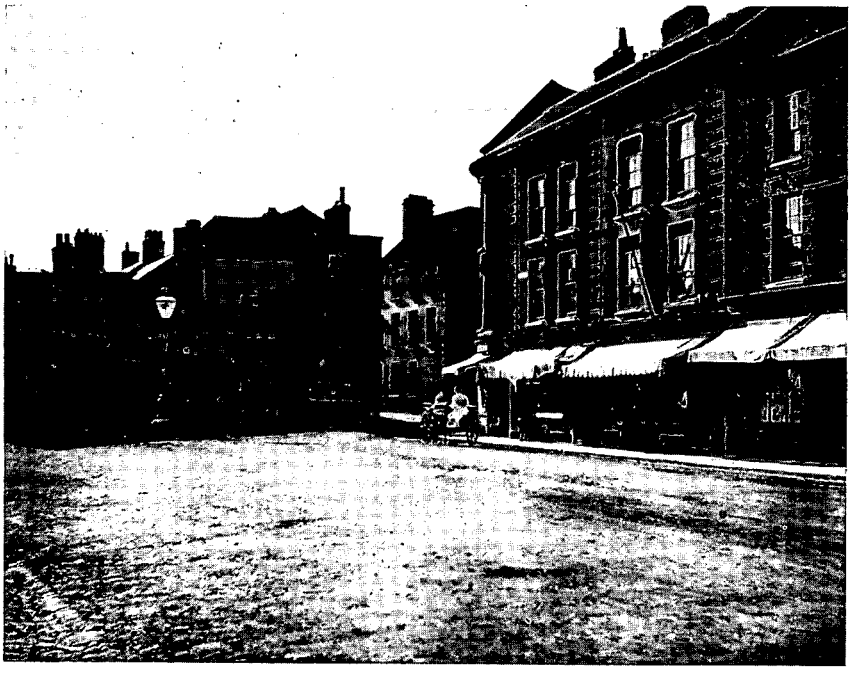

SHASTON HIGH STREET.

"THROUGH STOURCASTLE, PASSING . . . AT THE FOOT OF THE MAIN STREET."

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"PAST THE REMAINS OF THE CROSS."

possessor of grand and noble "skillentons" laid to rest in the family vault of Kingsbere (Bere Regis) Church—information which turns lazy John into a dreamer of dreams, and a man disposed to make heavy drafts on the bank of former greatness to meet current expenses brought about by a large family and slender resources.

The scene where the Pa'son meets John Durbeyfield on the road to Marlott as the latter is returning from the hill-town of Shaston (Shaftesbury), is in the true Hardy vein; a blend of the humorous, the pathetic and the ridiculous.

It is toward Shaston that Tess eventually takes her way in search of the grand relatives, of whom Mrs. Durbeyfield (her mother) hoped so much, and the town is still so denominated on the ancient milestones which stand on the road to it from Sturminster Newton. The more modern and usual name is Shaftesbury. The town itself stands perched on a hill overlooking the beautiful Blackmoor Vale in which Tess had lived all her life; it is, if one may believe tradition, the site of more than one skirmish between King Alfred the Great and the Danes, and is, therefore, at least a thousand years old. It still contains many houses of ancient date, and the church tower from which our general view was taken dates back well into the Norman period. Along Shaston High Street Tess must have passed on her way from Marlott to Chaseborough (Cranborne), which lay to the southeast, on that early morning following the loss of the Durbeyfield horse, which proved the last straw and broke up the huckstering business in which her father sought to gain a precarious livelihood when sober, and which precipitated the disorganisation of the family finances. One can almost believe that the street has not altered a stone since Tess trod it on her way to seek aid of her supposititious relatives in their grand house, "The Slopes," where she was destined to suffer so much.

The third phase of Tess's story provides us with some of the best of the rural scenes contained in the novel. It is the second setting-out of the girl to relieve the pressure upon her family's ever-slender resources. The motive is the same as the first; but the inspiration, how different! Not any more were there fine

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"TALBOTHAYS . . . A TYPICAL WESSEX DAIRY FARM."

ancestors or grand relatives in Tess's simple calculations; "there should be no more D'Urberville air castles in the dreams and deeds of her new life" which she was adopting. "She would be dairy-maid Tess, and nothing more." And so it was that "on a thyme-scented, bird-hatching morning in May" Tess set out, in a hired trap, "luggage and all, for Stourcastle (Sturminster Newton), through which it was necessary to pass on her journey" to Talbothays. "She went," we are told, "through Stourcastle without pausing," passing, doubtless, over the old bridge which lies at the bottom of the hill at the foot of the main street of the old-fashioned town, past the remains of the cross, along the street which has a wide commencement and a narrow ending. Egdon Heath, beloved of the novelist, is afterward crossed, and Tess, "after sundry wrong turnings, . . . found herself on the summit commanding the long-sought-for vale, the Valley of the Great Dairies," in which the most purely romantic phase of her chequered life was afterward passed.

The courting of Tess by Angel Clare after they had met as fellow-workers at Talbothays Dairy is the least convincing portion of the vivid picture of the life led in this typical Wessex dairy farm. But the drive in the thirtieth chapter is an excellent example of the skill with which the novelist contrives to suggest atmosphere and the effect of atmospheric conditions on his characters. In the first few lines a description of the Egdon Heath occurs, which, to those who have traversed its wide waste of broken moorland, conjures up a picture with a wonderful economy of words at once convincing and suggestive. It was likewise "in the diminishing daylight that (we) went along the level roadway through the meads, which stretched away into grey miles, and were backed in the extreme edge of the distance by the swarthy and abrupt slopes of Egdon Heath. On its summit stood clumps and stretches of fir-trees, whose notched tips appeared like battlemented towers crowning black-fronted castles of enchantment." The railway station toward which Angel Clare and Tess were bound with the full milk cans in the cart on this particular evening is still as then the sorry shed, a friction point in the iron chain which serves to link Wessex

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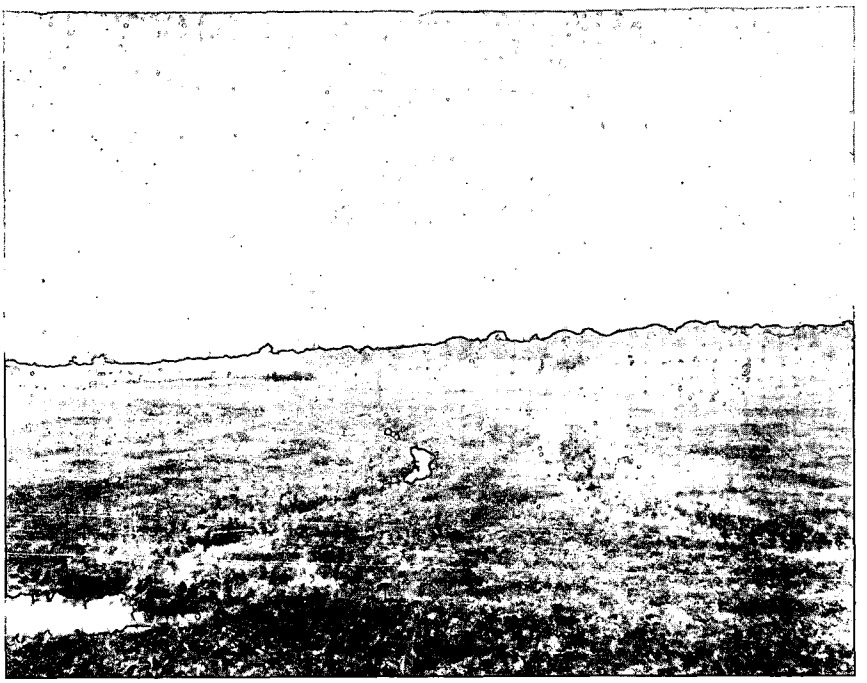

"THE MEADS WHICH STRETCHED AWAY INTO GREY MILES."

"THE SWARTHY AND ABRUPT SLOPES OF EGDON HEATH."

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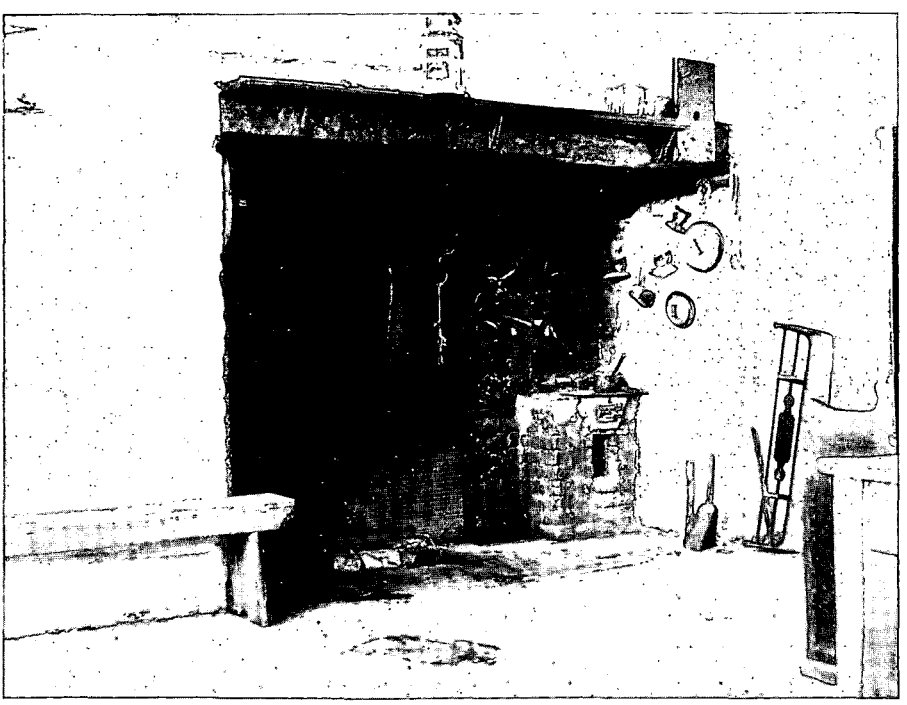
"A GREY-REDDISH PILE STANDING AMID THE MEADS."



THE KITCHEN IN WHICH TESS AND HER HUSBAND SUPPED.

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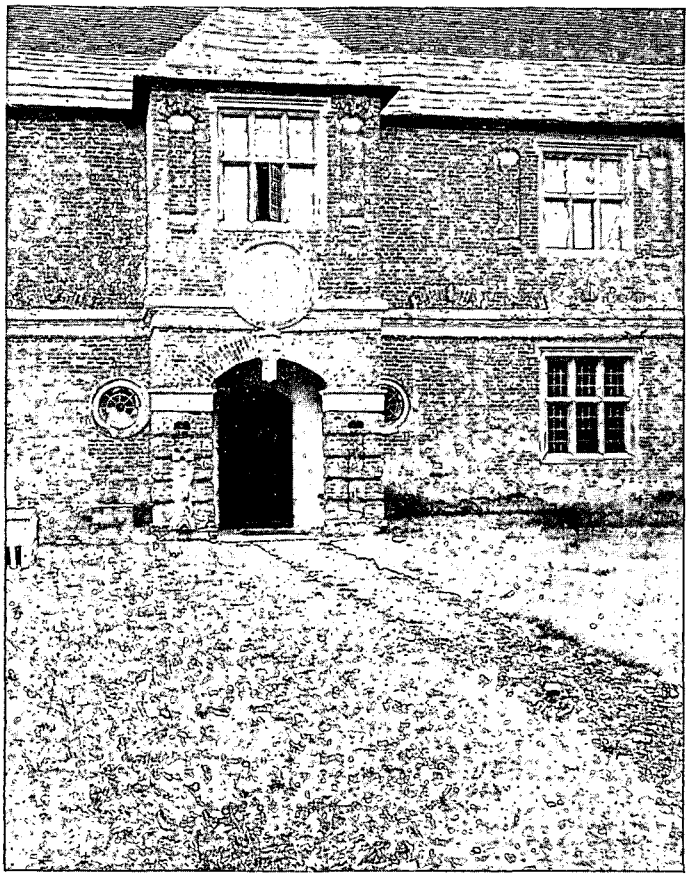

". . . ALONG THE PATH TO THE PORCHED DOORWAY WITH ITS BENCH RECESSED ON EITHER SIDE."

and its dairy farms with the outer world, of which the inhabitants know so little. And the holly bush under which Tess sheltered is still there, and has doubtless since afforded a like scant comfort to other dairymaids who have made similar journeys in the rain.

It was during this memorable ride that Tess attempted the thankless task of confessing to her lover her previous misfortune—a task made difficult by her own sense of disgrace and fear of losing him, and rendered impossible by the spirit of raillery with which Angel Clare received her opening sentences. The spirit of aloofness—we can find no better word—which characterised all Clare's and Tess's love-making still seems to exist as "they drove on through the gloom, forming one bundle inside the sail cloth, the horse going as he would, and the rain driving against them." And notwithstanding the suggestion conveyed by the words, "the appetite for joy," which may be held to hint a reason for Tess's consenting to marry Clare; the motive, other than that afforded by an almost furtive expression of affection, remains to the general reader shadowy.

Tess is soon afterward married. And Clare, who has decided to make himself acquainted with milling, carries her off to Wellbridge (Wool), at which place is the flour mill where he had elected to gain his experience. By a singular coincidence the house in which he had taken rooms is a portion of a fine old manorial residence, once belonging to the D'Urberville family, now, since its partial demolition, a farmhouse. To travellers by rail from Wareham to Dorchester it is a familiar object just before as well as just after Wool station is reached—a grey-reddish pile standing amid the meads, with modern excrescences in the way of outbuildings, and a cottage or two attached to its own fading glories, and with the weed-grown Frome almost washing its garden wall. We are told that the newly married pair after leaving, "drove by the level road along the valley to a distance of a few miles, and reaching Wellbridge, turned away from the village to the left, and over the great Elizabethan bridge which gives the place half its name." It needs no very great stretch of the imagination, when one stands on the bridge, to conjure up the scene as the broken-down conveyance, a relic of post-chaise days, with its juvenile postilion of sixty odd years, lumbered up to the little wicket which would admit them to the bare patch of garden

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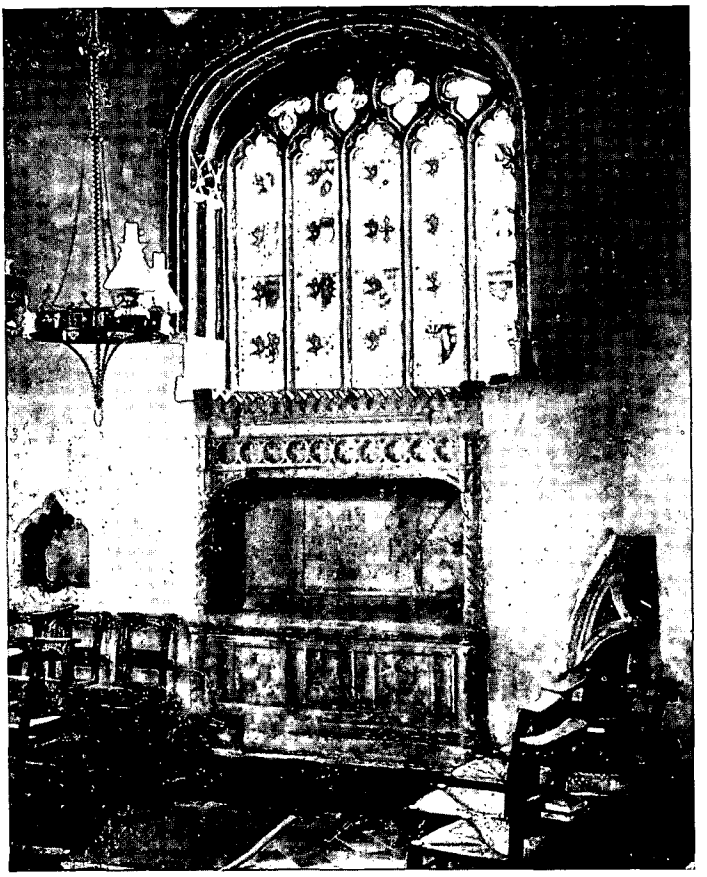
surrounding the house. We can see these two walk along the narrow path to the porched doorway, with its bench recessed on either side, and enter the house which was to become the scene of the wrecking of Tess's happiness.

On the landing the portraits of the two "horrid women" which so alarmed poor Tess still stare vividly at the casual visitor; and the bridal chamber, large, uneven of floor and lighted by narrow stone mullioned windows, remains as it 'was then, except for the addition of a garish modern wall-paper.



THE D'URBERVILLE WINDOW.

In this gloomy house, with its mouldy greatness, Thomas Hardy has found a fitting and a singularly appropriate place for the mutual confessions of Angel Clare and his wife. The different value that society is pleased to set upon the sin as between man and woman is not insisted upon, but, with consummate art, it becomes the inevitable value in this particular case. The weakness of the man's character, his one-sided logic, and the piteous trust and weakness of the woman stand out, clear cut and convincing. We feel Tess's loneliness as Clare, closing the door softly behind him, goes out into the blackness of the night, well matching in its sinister gloom his own thoughts. The dog-faithfulness of Tess, who follows Clare at a distance, dumb with pain on becoming aware momentarily of that "cruelty of fooled honesty (which) is often great after enlightenment," and that such feeling was indeed overwhelming in her husband now, is brought clearly to the reader's mind. The immense folly of the man is brought out subtly, but with ever-increasing clearness, during every yard of that night's walk, and in the conversation and attitude of Clare on their return to the house.

Their life during the few succeeding days before they part, Clare to go abroad and Tess to return to her old home, is described in detail. The man takes his way daily to Wellbridge Mill and the woman waits in the gloomy house eating her heart out in sorrow, and devising wild schemes by which she might put an end to herself, or by which her husband might rid himself of her. At midnight, before they are to part, Tess, asleep in the upper chamber, awakes on hearing the noise of footsteps in the darkened farmhouse. Her door opens, and she sees Angel Clare entering the room in the moonlight. At first a throb of joy possesses her, emanating from the thought that flashes into her brain—he has come to her with forgiveness. But it is not so. She soon realises that he is asleep, and

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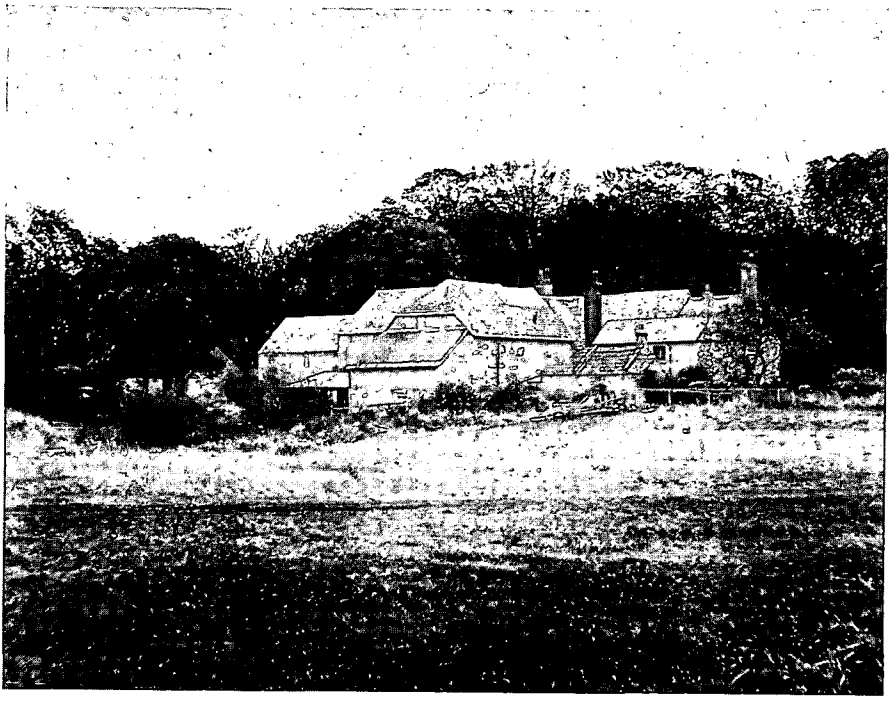

WELLBRIDGE MILL.

"THE EMPTY STONE COFFIN . . . IN THIS CLARE CAREFULLY LAID TESS."

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KINGSBERE.

that he thinks her dead. But when he stoops over her and, taking her in his arms, creeps down the creaking staircase, and after leaving the house proceeds in the direction of the Mill and the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey, away to the south amid the trees, she makes no resistance, half hoping that she and he will find an end to their troubles while crossing the river on the slender and now railless foot-bridge, by a heedless step on his part, which would plunge them into the swirling, foaming, weed-grown stream below. At length we read that "they reached the ruined choir of the Abbey-church. Against the north wall was the empty stone coffin of an abbot. . . . In this Clare carefully laid Tess."

While standing looking into the strange stone coffin, furnished as it is with a slight access of breadth at the shoulders and a scooped-out hollow for the head, the traveller in Wessex can easily reconstruct the midnight scene as Clare, stooping beneath the bough of the overhanging trees, laid white-robed Tess in the leaf-strewn resting place. On the day we visited it the environing trees were rich in autumn tints, and the thick canopy of foliage made the spot little less gloomy than on the moonlit night of Tess's adventure.

And it was the day after that she and Clare parted—he to take his wide way in the world outside the confines of Wessex, and she to return to her home once more, and then to her struggle for existence at field work on the farm at Flintcomb Ash (Nettlecombe Tout).

The story proceeds with the narration of her life on the farm, her fruitless visit to her husband's home, the reappearance of Alec D'Urberville, the death of feckless John Durbeyfield, the breaking up of the old home, the journey to Kingsbere in search of lodging, and the temptation which Alec D'Urberville placed in her way, to which after a struggle she succumbed.

The Durbeyfield household, with their furniture, set out almost immediately after the father's death for Kingsbere, "the spot of all spots in the world which could be considered the D'Urbervilles' home."

"Though they had started so early it was quite late in the afternoon when they turned the flank of an eminence which formed part of the upland called Greenhill . . . just ahead of them was the half-dead townlet of their pilgrimage, Kingsbere, where lay those ancestors of whom her father had spoken and sung to painfulness"—the "skillentons" of

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"STONEHENGE . . . THE IMMENSE STONES OF THIS SACRIFICIAL TEMPLE OF THE PAST AGES."

those whose departed glories had so prejudicial an influence on the Durbeyfield family in general. The rooms they wanted were let! This wandering family was therefore suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with the problem as to where they could repose for the night. "Her (Tess's) mother looked hopelessly at fault. 'What shall we do now, Tess?' she said bitterly. And then she summed up her stricken faith in these ancestors, who had never brought them any luck, but bad, in the sentence, 'Here's a welcome to your ancestors' lands!'"

The wagon eventually pulled up under the churchyard wall, and the homeless ones camped out under the four-post bedstead placed near the D'Urberville window, on the south wall of the church. Inside the window "were the tombs of the family, covering in their dates several centuries. They were canopied, altar-shaped and plain; their carvings being defaced and broken; their brasses torn from the matrices, the rivet-holes remaining like marten-holes in a sand-cliff. . . ."

It is while Tess, who had crept in at the open door of the church, is gazing at and meditating upon this evidence of the fallen greatness of her family, that Alec D'Urberville makes his reappearance. It is the beginning of the end. Shortly afterward the story finds Tess in apartments at Sandbourne (Bournemouth) as his mistress.

The murder of Alec by Tess; her flight with Angel Clare, her returned husband, who has relented and come to her assistance too late, occupy a very few pages, although every detail of the pitiful business is clearly indicated. Like a hunted creature, Tess, in company with Clare, for some days eludes justice, which at last finds them on the Great Plain (Salisbury Plain), amid the weird circle of Stonehenge. It is here, early in the morning, that the officers of the law capture her as she is sleeping—a veritable Hardy touch this—on one of the immense stones of this sacrificial temple of the past ages. As the police officers close in upon her "the eastward pillars and their architraves stood up . . . against the light."

The actual end of the story is very rapid. Two pages or little more suffice. Tess is condemned to death and is confined in Wintoncester (Winchester) Jail. Angel and Tess's sister, 'Liza-Lu, jour-

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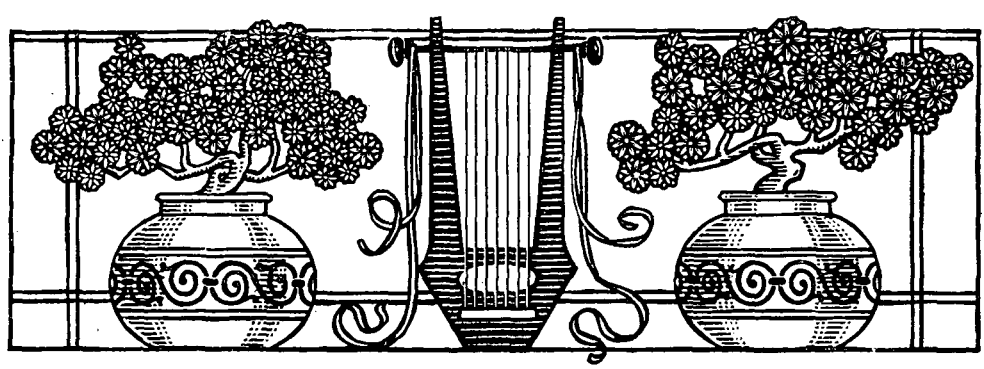
"THE UPWARD SLOPE OF THE HIGH STREET."

ney to the city to see what of the end was vouchsafed to them. It was not much. They climbed the upward slope of the High Street, and passed to the top of the great Western Hill, whence they gazed at the distant building, with the ugly flat-topped octagonal tower, in which the few remaining minutes of Tess's life are speeding away. "Upon the cornice of the tower there was a tall staff. Their eyes were riveted on it. A few minutes after the hour had struck something moved slowly up the staff and extended itself upon the breeze. It was a black flag."

"The two speechless gazers bent themselves down to the earth, as if in prayer, . . . the flag continued to wave silently.

"'Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess."

(*To be concluded.*)



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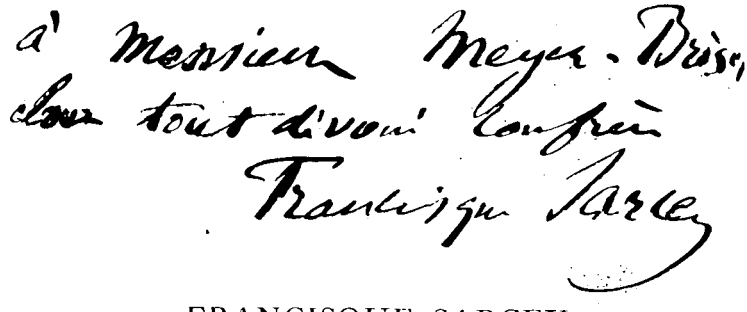

FRANCISQUE SARCEY

At the top of the first column of its first page, *Le Temps* of May 15 published the following note: "For the first Monday in thirty years our readers will to-day be deprived of M. Francisque Sarcey's dramatic *feuilleton*. Our eminent contributor is sick with the influenza, which he caught returning from the theatre, and which, without causing any uneasiness, keeps him in bed, and makes absolute rest necessary."

The remainder of the note expressed a confident hope that after a few days the patient would be able to resume his usual labours. Our readers know that this hope was doomed to disappointment and that the great dramatic critic breathed his last on the sixteenth of last month.

In the few lines that thus announced its *lundiste's* illness *Le Temps* struck the keynote of Francisque Sarcey's career.

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He was first of all a systematic and indefatigable worker. For thirty-two years in *Le Temps,* for eight years previously in *L'Opinion Nationale,* Sarcey never failed to fill, in the Monday issue, his twelve *feuilleton* columns. And his *Revue dramatique* was far from being his sole contribution to current journalism. He loved the stage above everything else, but he was interested in all the public manifestations of national life, and enjoyed the task of informing the public of what he thought. He wrote on all sorts of subjects, gave a great deal of his time to political questions, especially to those the solution of which depends upon the direction of the mind in religious matters, taking the attitude of an uncompromising Voltairian. There was a time—he was then associated with Edmond About in the editorship of *Le Dix-Neuvième Siècle*—when he contributed a signed article to every issue of this brilliant daily. If his articles were to-day collected in book form they would fill no less than one hundred and fifty volumes of six hundred pages each. His dramatic *lundis* alone would fill at least half that number.

A striking character of this literary activity was its joyfulness. Seldom in the life of a literary man have pleasure and labour been so intimately blended with one another as is Sarcey's. We have alluded to his love for the stage. For about forty years he hardly ever spent one evening outside of a theatre. He considered it his chief duty to end the day by attending some performance; it was also his chief delight. For him the celebrated line of Terence would have to be somewhat modified. There may have been things of human interest that he considered foreign to his nature; but if anything in any way pertained to the stage, then it was his. When the regular Paris theatres failed to offer him any novelty which seemed to him to call for an expression of opinion, he would go to one of those *théâtres de quartier,* the Montmartre Theatre, the Batignolles Theatre, which are frequented only by the population of a small outlying Parisian district, where the actors are seldom professionals, where the spectators are acquainted with every one on the stage, and where every actor knows everybody in the house; he was attracted there by an opportunity to witness the performance of some stage-struck young man or young woman and the chance of discovering histrionic genius in embryo. And how many were encouraged in such modest *débuts* by a line of praise from the famous critic's pen! Though many, too, were at once warned that they had better devote their time to something else!

He wrote of the things he liked. He wrote, not without effort, but without coercing his mind into channels of expression which it would not naturally follow. And his words were received in the manner in which he liked them to be received. Numberless were the families in which Sarcey's article was accepted as the infallible guide for the selection of the weekly evening of dramatic enjoyment. When Sarcey had written "Vous pouvez y aller," the Parisian bourgeois was satisfied that he was safe in paying for his tickets, that the investment was a good one, that neither time nor money would be wasted.

But why? Because Sarcey was really not a literary man; he was a bourgeois who wrote. The young men who thought of nothing but poems, articles, literary criticism, novels, whose heads were full of literary plans, whose ambition it was to work for the realisation of some new artistic ideal, had for him a dislike which sometimes amounted to hatred and which was not free from contempt. But this did not disturb Sarcey in the least. He wrote for the man who leads a regular life, who in the morning goes to his office or to his store, who has his shop on the ground floor below his apartment; for the lawyer who is kept by his profession in constant contact with the daily troubles of his fellowmen; for the teacher who helps them to bring up their children; for the workingman who manages to save a few pennies here and there and who wants to give, once in a great while, to his family the pleasure of a night spent in a theatre. And these people were grateful to him; his labours lessened theirs. He was a co-worker; he made their life easier by helping them wisely to administer in their family a department which holds a more important place in French society than anywhere else—the Department of Amusement.

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He was one of them. He was the son of a small tradesman of the little town of Dourdan, about sixty miles south of Paris. When twenty years old, in 1848, after an excellent course of study in a Parisian *lycée;* he entered the École Normale Supérieure, intending to become a teacher in a lycée himself. There he met men of superior genius, Taine, About, who were members of his class. About became his friend, his leader, and had thenceforward the greatest influence over his life. About was wit and brilliancy personified; it was said that since Voltaire's time no one in France had had so much wit as he had. He had become a celebrated man, his *Grèce Contemporaine,* his *Roi des Montagnes,* his *Lettres d'un Bon Jeune Homme à sa Cousine* had made him a power in French journalism and in the literary world in general when Sarcey was still explaining the *Æneid* to a crowd of fifteen and sixteen year old boys. He thought of fame and fortune; his "chum's" success fired in him an ambition which, but for such an incentive, might have remained dormant a long time yet; and he worked for the acquisition of the kind of style that would attract and retain the attention of the readers of the daily papers.

French journalism was then in a condition which was peculiarly favourable to the development in the writers of keenness in their mode of expression. The throne was occupied by Napoleon III., and his ministers were careful not to allow the press any more freedom than seemed to them compatible with the safety of a government unable to stand the test of searching scrutiny. It was necessary for the journalist to cultivate the art of hinting at, rather than of saying, what he thought, especially when his daily themes were furnished to him by the development of political events. This explains the prominence at that time of men who had passed through the École Normale and submitted themselves to the severest literary training—About, Taine, Prévost-Paradol, Hervé, J. J. Weiss, etc. The little band was quite ready to open its ranks to Francisque Sarcey. Some of the pages that he published then, for instance, his *Misères d'un Fonctionnaire Chinois,* shows that he might have won great distinction in the line of political bantering, side by side with his former schoolmates. But the bluntness of his temperament naturally led him to the only field where the journalist enjoyed perfect freedom of expression—namely, dramatic criticism. Sarcey, moreover, had already given a great deal of attention to the technique of the drama. He had his idea of what a play ought to be. He had even written a play himself, *Risette ou les Millions de la Mansarde,* and although the play had quite a good run, thanks to a witty *chanson* written by About for one of the characters, Sarcey judged that he did not possess the gifts that make a great dramatist. It was his only venture in that direction. Many years later, after criticising a scene in a new play, he exclaimed, "What ought the author to have done? Ah! if I knew it I would be writing plays that would bring me one hundred thousand francs, instead of criticising the plays of others." There is, perhaps, no better illustration of Sarcey's frankness. He was frank even toward himself. He is, perhaps, the only critic who openly admitted that he devoted himself to criticism because of his lack of the creative faculty.

This disappointment, due, moreover, not to a lack of appreciation on the part of the public, but to his own insight into his own nature, left no bitterness in Sarcey's heart. He could not be a morose and revengeful critic. His healthy and robust nature would not permit it. He was constitutionally an optimist. He enjoyed life. His enjoyment he owed to the stage more than to anything else. He was not going to revile the source of his greatest pleasures. From the beginning of his apprenticeship, at *L'Opinion Nationale,* which lasted eight years (1859-1867), he made it his duty honestly to record the impressions he received from the performances which he attended. When at the play, moreover—and this is, perhaps, Sarcey's distinguishing trait—he was not a critic. He was a spectator, and nothing else—a man who had come to the theatre in order to enjoy himself. Later on, after going home, his exuberant nature would not allow him to keep his impressions to himself. He had to say to others what had amused, or bored, or irritated him, and why. And so he wrote it. This had a curious result. Sarcey never took notes, and his memory was

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not good. So his quotations from new plays were almost invariably inaccurate. They always had to be verified on the book.

His most admirable gift was his faculty of choosing the point from which the development of a play was most clearly visible. No other critic ever gave to his readers a more living idea of the play of which he spoke. To have read a *feuilleton* by Sarcey was to know the works that he criticised, not perhaps as they were in reality, but as he saw them.

He saw them primarily as plays, as productions which were intended to procure to him a pleasure of a definite nature. He went to the theatre not simply *pour s'amuser*, to have a good evening, but to receive the kind of impressions which the theatre alone can give. He went there not to enlarge his knowledge of literature, nor, on the other hand, simply to witness a show. Neither beautiful lines, nor gorgeous scenery, nor striking transformations would blind his eyes to poverty of dramatic ideas or feebleness of dramatic construction.

Une pièce bien faite! A well-constructed play was the one thing he insisted upon. It was his war-cry, and when the reaction came against the exaggeration of the system which, thanks partly to his authority over the public, had prevailed for nearly half a century, the *pièce bien faite* was the fetich which the worshippers of new idols most furiously sought to destroy.

For Sarcey the chief merit of a good play, or rather the quality without which no play can be good, was clearness. The situation must be explained little by little in a good exposition; the natural dispositions of the characters must be made known before those characters begin to act. What shocked him was the unexpected. Things must happen pretty much in the way he and the general public had expected them to happen. One of his favourite expressions when criticising the works of newcomers who had not yet learned how to construct a play according to his formula, and whose abruptness startled him, was: "You have no right to do that." He considered it unfair, against the rules of the game, as it were.

But his chief contribution to dramatic criticism was his theory that each idea may receive a dramatic form. What delight he took, when pleased with a brilliant scene, with an ingenious idea, to say to the public, "This is what would have been found neither by you nor me; it takes an *homme de théâtre* to do such a thing"! The dramatic form of an idea for Sarcey was the form that made it visible, that made it intelligible without explaining it in words. Every explanation that was needed must have been given in advance.

Another point on which he insisted was that in every dramatic action there is a certain moment when the leading characters must unburden their minds to each other, and that one of the chief gifts of the dramatist is to have an intuition of the coming of that moment. That is what he called *la scène à faire*, the scene that must be written.

When a play was clear, when he found in it some *idées de théâtre*, when the *scène à faire* was well treated, then he was happy, and the author received from him what he considered the highest praise—he was an *homme de théâtre*.

The trouble was that the qualities that Sarcey required are often possessed by men who really have nothing to say, and who are, as it were, forbidden by nature ever to do anything great—by a Scribe, a Sardou—and that others are found who have the power to hold up the mirror to nature and society, but who do not handle that mirror with the degree of deftness that Sarcey demanded. Fortunately for the great critic this flaw in his system was slow to appear; circumstances favoured him. First, he was not unable to feel the thrill of beauty. His strong, classical education, his thorough acquaintance with the masterpieces of Greek tragedy, with the great works of the French dramatists of the seventeenth century, had placed in his mind a type of artistic perfection, and shown him how noble and ennobling a dramatic production can be. He knew that *Œdipus* and *Electra, Le Cid* and *Horace, Phèdre, Athalie, Le Misanthrope, Tartufe*, are not simply *des pièces bien faites*, and that if they had been nothing else we should not be reading them to-day. Then he found among his contemporaries two men who were worthy successors of the masters of the French classical drama, who not only knew how to make a play, but who had a

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message worth hearing to deliver to the public, Dumas *fils* and Augier. The trouble came when these great masters of the French contemporary drama disappeared, and when young men began to search after new forms of dramatic expression; especially when they proclaimed themselves the apostles of foreign prophets—for instance, of Ibsen and Björnstjerne Björnson. But here again Sarcey was, to a certain extent, fortunate. They were not great men, these young French writers who antagonised him. Some of them had a great deal of talent, not one possessed genius. There was no Hugo among them; they fell into all the exaggerations of romanticism, but did not give to the world the sensation of a new revelation. Their symbolism did not seem to come from a sincerely mystic soul. Their slices of life, as they called some of their plays, reproduced only the ugly and even loathsome side of human existence; their pessimism was sometimes the skin-deep pessimism of the epicurean who descants upon the misery of life while procuring to himself every voluptuous sensation offered to him by nature and society. Once in a while, however, he found, as the French say, *à qui parler*. He was then, we must admit, not altogether fair. One cannot, we think, from a *feuilleton* of Sarcey get a satisfactory idea of such a play as *La Parisienne* of Becque, or *La Loi de l'Homme* of Paul Hervieu. These plays exasperated him; they disturbed him. He felt that they *were* plays, and yet there was something in them that clashed with his theories. Their authors take hold of the public by the suddenness of their revelations, not by the fulness of their explanations. The exposition of *La Parisienne* is made in one sentence, "Take care! here comes my husband."

This simply means that, like all other mortals, Sarcey had his limitations. His task was to insist upon labour as the chief foundation of artistic success. Just as the painter must learn how to handle pencil and brush, the dramatist, he said, must learn how to use the tools of his art. But the painter need not belong to the minutely exact school of Holland; he may be an impressionist, and if he possess an artistic soul, place us, by means of his own, face to face with Nature and the Ideal. And this Sarcey did not understand.

Even through this deficiency of his mind, though, he placed the public under obligations to him. Although many were prone to admit that the *pièce bien faite* is not the acme of dramatic art, they were glad to have Sarcey remind the apostles of *la comédie rosse* that *une pièce mal faite* is not necessarily a masterpiece. Though beauty and suggestiveness be found, or weirdness and mystery, we must not forget—and of this Sarcey reminded us—that the man of genius is not the only one who may be unintelligible or obscure.

His influence has been greater than that of any other dramatic critic. The public believed in him, and his word was a power. His staunch support was more than once appreciated by two great institutions to which the French stage owes no small part of its strength, the Théâtre Français and the Conservatoire. The faithful adherence to tradition which prevails in the one, the systematic study of the art of acting which is pursued in the other, were given by him such prominence as factors of dramatic success that he compelled those who differed from him to greater effort, in order that their opposition might appear justified by their achievements.

His conservatism was not the conservatism of a bigot. He was constantly in search of new talent. He encouraged young writers. "This time," he wrote, when Donnay gave *La Douloureuse*, "this time, I think, we have found a dramatist." "A great poet has been born unto us," he exclaimed after the first performance of *Cyrano*, "and this poet is a *dramatic* poet." His last *feuilleton*, published in *Le Temps* of May 8, is as full of life, of cheerfulness, of hope, as anything he wrote.

His chief contribution to permanent literature will be due to his unequalled knowledge of dramatic events. It is hardly to be expected that his two thousand articles of dramatic criticism will ever be collected in book form; but some of them will, and the dramatic historian will be compelled to consult them. He would do it, moreover, even if not compelled to. Though not a great writer, Sarcey had a style of his own the at-

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tractiveness of which is due to the loveableness of the man. It is the most natural conversation that French literature has known since the time of Montaigne. Its chief merit is life. Those who have known the great critic find in it the good-natured though homely face, the twinkle of the merry eyes, the gruffness of the Rabelaisian voice. The foreigner—why not say it, since we do not write here for a French-speaking public?—will find in it the most admirable, the most complete, the most amusing and naturally formed collection of French idioms and colloquialisms that may be imagined.

And some of us will find in it the living memory of a friend.

He will be missed.

Adolphe Cohn.

"FROM SEA TO SEA"

AMONG Mr. Kipling's contributions to Indian periodicals before he became world famous were a number of descriptive sketches relating to India which, though well written, were mainly of local interest. After the great success of his stories most of these sketches were collected and published in book form by his publishers, A. H. Wheeler and Company, of Allahabad. Their author, however, did not look kindly upon these volumes of newspaper articles, and made strenuous efforts to suppress them.

The City of Dreadful Night was first printed in 1890 and *The Smith Administration* in 1891, but neither of these volumes was published, the entire edition of each, with the exception of a very few specimen copies, having been destroyed. *The City of Dreadful Night,* with contents somewhat altered, was reprinted the next year in Allahabad, and another edition was printed in London. It is said that efforts were made to suppress both, but it is certain that a number of copies were allowed to get upon the market. The same year *Letters of Marque* was published in Allahabad, but suppressed shortly after publication. Preparations were also made for bringing out an edition in two volumes in London. The first volume was printed, but with the exception of a very few copies the edition was entirely destroyed.

Literally thousands of volumes of these books have been run through the paper mill and money has been lavishly spent in efforts to suppress these despised writings. But the world insists upon the privilege of reading them, and the young giant has at last succumbed to the public demand, and realising that a book once printed cannot be suppressed has just issued authorised editions of *The Letters of Marque, The City of Dreadful Night* and *The Smith Administration.* With these he has incorporated a series of travel sketches written while on a tour from India to London by way of Singapore, Hong-Kong, Japan and the United States. This new series gives the title to the two volumes, *From Sea to Sea.**

In his short prefatory note the author says that he has been forced to publish these articles "by the enterprise of various publishers who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations."

We think that in some respects Mr. Kipling is a harsher judge of his own work than is the reading public. Some

*From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday and McClure Co. 2 vols., boxed, $2.00.

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of these articles have lost their timeliness, but the most of them, especially the "From Sea to Sea" letters, are so well written and describe in such fresh, crisp language the scenes and customs of India, China and Japan, that we may all be glad that they are at last collected.

These letters were written for the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, and were printed, we presume, simultaneously in the daily issue and in the weekly known as the *Pioneer Mail.* There were apparently forty-one letters, though only thirty-eight appeared in the weekly. The first of these, No. I., was in the issue for April 17, 1889, and the last, No. XXXIX., in the issue for April 2, 1890. Letter No. VIII. was omitted entirely. It was probably printed in the daily *Pioneer,* as it is included in this new collected edition. There must also have been letters No. XL. and XLI., though neither were, apparently, printed in the weekly paper.

Months ago, before any collected edition of these letters was announced for publication, we had the privilege of reading them in a file of the *Pioneer Mail.* It was with alternate pleasure and anger that we read them, pleasure at the charming word pictures—we are confident that nothing daintier has been written on Japan, "the kingdom ruled by children," than these letters from Nagasaki, Kobé and Kioto—anger that this young Englishman in pith helmet and deck shoes should see fit to curse and vilify the people of the United States, their language and customs, at almost every opportunity. Some of these letters relating to the United States were republished at the time in various American newspapers, and in 1891 a selection was issued in pamphlet form under the title of *American Notes.* The compiler of that little volume does not seem to have had access to a complete file of the papers, and some of the most scathing "notes" were not included.

In advertising these new volumes, Mr. Kipling's publishers have stated continually that they contain "an accurate text (for the first time) of the *American Notes.*" To verify this and to discover what new material had been added we have made a word-for-word comparison of the printed book with the corresponding letters as they appeared in the Indian newspaper in 1889 and 1890. This comparison shows that much has been left out and practically nothing added. Three letters are omitted entirely, No. XVII., a charming letter on Japan, which ought to have been reprinted; No. XXXIX. on Chautauqua, and No. XL. on Buffalo, both of which can well be spared. The last we have read only in Ivers's edition of the *American Notes,* but we have no doubt but that it did appear in the daily *Pioneer.* The last letter in the collected edition, there numbered XXXVII., telling of his visit to Mark Twain at Elmira, was evidently No. XLI. Something has been struck out of every letter, sometimes several pages, occasionally only a few lines or words. This cutting out has been done without much reason oftentimes, except to shorten the narrative, and sometimes the story would have been better if printed entire. The following passage, telling how to secure a passport in Japan, is an instance. The words in italics do not appear in the collected volumes:

> When you come to Japan stop at Hong Kong and send on a letter to the "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Tokio" if you want to travel in the interior of this Fairy Land. Indicate your route as roughly as ever you choose, but for your own comfort give the two extreme towns you intend to touch. Throw in any details about your age, profession, colour of hair and the like that may occur to you, and ask to have a passport sent to the British Consulate at Kobé to meet you. Allow the man with a long title a week's time to prepare the passport, and you will find it at your service when you land. Only write distinctly to save your vanity. My papers *allow me to travel for three months over the whole of the southern island on condition that I do not scribble on temple walls, refrain from driving without lamps and never "attend a fire on horseback." I would much sooner attend Divine Services that way, but I am proud to think I belong to a nation of such desperate horsemen. The entire document is* addressed to a Mister Kyshrig-Radjerd Kyshrig.

This condensation has been done carelessly sometimes, too. There are references in the book which cannot be readily understood, but which were explained in the deleted portions. In our comparison we have also noticed a few curious printer's errors, as "hills from a thousand to fifteen feet high" instead of "fifteen hun-

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dred feet;" a geyser with an "irritated and inconsistent stomach" instead of an "inconstant" stomach, etc.

In spite of the fact that we are told that these volumes contain "an accurate text" of the *American Notes,* some of the harshest strictures on the United States have been deleted. We do not wish to give publicity to all these bitter things, which we are sure Mr. Kipling now wishes had never been written; but to show that the text is not as first printed we shall quote the following "curse," which he pronounced upon the United States before he had ever set foot upon the continent. This curse was referred to more than once in the later letters, but all these references to it have been struck out.

He was looking for something to read on the way from Nikko to Yokohama, and in a bookshop in Nikko found a collection of the "burglaries" (he insists that they were not publications) of the Seaside Publishing Company. These are his words:

Then I cursed the Seaside Library and the United States that bred it very copiously, in these terms and others unreported:

Because you steal the property of a man's head, which is more his peculiar property than his pipe, his horse or his wife, and because you glory in your theft and have the indecency to praise or criticise the author from whom you steal, and because your ignorance, which is as dense as a pickpocket's ignorance of anything outside his calling, leads you to trifle with his spelling, and because you print the stolen property aforesaid very vilely and uncleanly, you shall be cursed with this curse from Alaska to Florida and back again.

Your women shall scream like peacocks when they talk, and your men neigh like horses when they laugh. You shall call "round" "raound," and "very" "varry," and "news" "noos" till the end of time.

You shall be governed by the Irishman and the German, the vendor of drinks and the keeper of vile dens, that your streets may be filthy in your midst and your sewage arrangements filthier.

You shall be given over to the cult of tin-pot secret societies and the organising of "tuppeny-hapenny" processions, the spouting of nonsense and the perpetration thereof.

You shall be governed by laws that you cannot enforce and sentiments that you cannot control that the murderer may walk among you a vision of delight to young women and the darling of old maids while you are engaged in shooting the wrong man.

You shall prostitute and pervert the English language, till an Englishman has neither power nor desire to understand you any more.

You shall be cursed State by State, Territory by Territory, with a provincialism beyond provincialism of an English country town—you and your governors and what you are pleased to call your literature, your newspapers and your politics.

You shall buy your art from France and considerably spoil it in the buying because you are dishonest.

Your hearts shall be so blinded that you shall consider each one of the curses foregoing a blessing to you as it comes about, and finally I myself will curse you more elaborately later on.

This delicate passage appeared in the *Pioneer Mail,* Vol. XVI., No. 19, for November 13, 1889.

As we said before, Letter No. VIII. was not printed in the *Pioneer Mail.* This letter tells of a night in Hong Kong, spent, in a "genuine desire to see what they call Life with a capital Hell," with a companion picked up in a barroom, in visiting certain disreputable houses, where he "for the wholly insignificant sum of thirty dollars purchased information and disgust more than he required." In reading this chapter here in this "authorised" edition we also get more information and disgust than we require. After reading it we think we understand why it was not printed in the series in the *Pioneer Mail,* which seems to have been a respectable family paper. But we do not understand why it should have been included in these volumes and the entire chapter on the "Nautch of cherry blossoms" at Kioto omitted. It is even more disgusting and contains less information than the story of his visit to the coolie depots of Singapore and of his conversation with Bertha Blum over the beer and under the stars, which has been omitted from the fifth letter.

We wish we had space to quote some of the charming descriptions of Japanese scenes—temples, tea-houses and gardens with cherry-trees in bloom; or some account of his trip through our own Yellowstone Park; or of his adventures salmon fishing. In our opinion, these let-

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ters contain some of the author's best writing. With a little less vitriol in his ink Mr. Kipling might have given us a famous book of travel. In reading them we must remember that they are practically as he wrote them ten years ago, when only about twenty-five years of age. In preparing them now for publication there has been no real revision, only condensation. The new additions are very slight. Many Indian words are replaced by their English equivalents, some words are altered and here and there words or phrases are added, but we do not believe that, besides his preface, there are anywhere in *From Sea to Sea* thirty consecutive words upon which the author's copyright would hold.

We have not made an equally careful comparison of the three other sections which make up the volumes, but they seem to be mainly reprints with perhaps slight condensation of the editions printed in 1891 and afterward suppressed. The chapters of the 1890 edition of *The City of Dreadful Night* which were omitted in that of 1891 are not included here. *The Smith Administration* as printed in 1891 was made up of twenty articles. There are only eighteen here, two, "The Tracking of Chuckerbutti" and "Bread upon the Waters," being omitted. The first of these appeared originally in *The Week's News,* Vol. I., No. 9, published in Allahabad, March 3, 1888. It was cut down about one-fourth when it was printed in book form in the suppressed volume of 1891.

We have quoted Kipling's dreadful curse upon us, written before he ever came to America, and before our laws gave foreign authors protection. In order to show that a closer acquaintance led him to find something to praise in us we quote the following from one of the latest letters of the series. More than once elsewhere, too, he has praised American patriotism:

> But the men and women set Us an example in patriotism. They believe in their land and its future, and its honour, and its glory, and they are not ashamed to say so. From the largest to the least runs this same proud, passionate conviction to which I take off my hat and for which I love them. An average English householder seems to regard his country as an abstraction to supply him with policemen and fire brigades. The cockney cad cannot understand what the word means. The bloomin' toffs he knows, and the law, and the soldiers that supply him with a spectacle in the Parks; but he would laugh in your face at the notion of any duty being owed by himself to the land. Pick an American of the second generation anywhere you please—from the cab rank, the porter's room, or the plough-tail—'specially the plough-tail—and that man will make you understand in five minutes that he understands what manner of thing his Republic is. He might laugh at a law that didn't suit his convenience, draw your eye-teeth in a bargain, and applaud 'cuteness on the outer verge of swindling; but you should hear him stand up and sing:
>
> "My country 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,
> Of thee I sing!"

I have heard a few thousand of them engaged in that employment. I respect him. There is too much Romeo and too little balcony about our National Anthem. With the American article it is all balcony. There must be born a poet who shall give the English *the* song of their own, own country—which is to say, of about half the world. Remains then only to compose the greatest song of all—The Saga of the Anglo-Saxon all round the earth—a pæan that shall combine the terrible slow swing of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* (which, if you know not, get chanted to you) with *Britannia needs no Bulwarks,* the skirl of the *British Grenadiers* with that perfect quickstep, *Marching through Georgia,* and at the end the wail of the *Dead March.* For We, even We, who share the earth between us as no gods have ever shared it, we also are mortal in the matter of our single selves. Will any one take the contract?

We recommend this little task to Mr. Kipling; no one can do it better.

Luther S. Livingston.

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"THE FOWLER"*

A WRITER whose first novel attains a marked and somewhat sensational success is a writer who is deserving of considerable sympathy. The success in question may have been wholly due to some ephemeral cause—to the fact that the story appealed to a temporary phase of the public taste, or because of some especially striking element in it which compelled attention apart from its purely literary merits as a whole. However this may be, such a writer is very badly handicapped in all the subsequent work that he produces, because this must inevitably stand comparison with the first. It may, in reality, be better than the first; but unless its quality be the same and unless it appeals to precisely the same tastes as did the other, it is bound to create a certain feeling of disappointment. This, of course, is not true of a writer of the first rank, for a writer of the first rank has a power of growth and of development that will ensure the satisfaction of his readers; and his first attempt, if successful, is successful because of reasons that are independent of temporary preferences and peculiar tastes. But the writer of mere talent ought to pray to be delivered from a first success, and he should sacrifice to the gods after the fashion of Polycrates, to avert the ill-will of the literary Nemesis.

The story-teller who called himself Hugh Conway, and also Mr. George Du Maurier, and Madame Sarah Grand, and Mr. Stephen Crane are all fair instances of what is meant. As a matter of fact, *Dark Days* is not, from a literary point of view, inferior to *Called Back; The Martian* is in many ways distinctly superior to *Trilby; The Beth Book* is much better constructed and much easier to read than is *The Heavenly Twins;* while Mr. Crane, in several of the things that he has subsequently written, has shown no less power of imagination and picturesqueness of vocabulary than those which made him famous in *The Red Badge of Courage.* Nevertheless, these writers and several others who might easily be cited never quite succeeded in holding fast their public. They shot their bolt with their first really serious attempt, and after that they never got beyond a mere *succès d'estime.* If this is not the case with other authors who might also be adduced, such as Rudyard Kipling and Mr. George Moore and Mr. James Lane Allen, it is because these have much more than cleverness and talent; it is because there glows within them something of the living fire of genius.

Miss Harraden is an admirable instance of one who leaped at once to instantaneous success, or, at any rate, to widespread recognition, by the publication of her first attempt at fiction. The vogue of *Ships that Pass in the Night* was very great. There was in it a certain quaintness, and a certain morbidness as well, that made a strong appeal to the fancy of the reader, and since the time when that much talked-of work appeared, the public had been waiting for an opportunity to decide whether or not Miss Harraden is to be known hereafter as the writer of a single book. *Hilda Strafford* made no particular impression. It was a slight story, and well told, but not significant of much; and the public therefore held its judgment in suspense until a more pretentious novel should appear to justify a definite decision. The volume now before us, which is of the regulation length, and the subject of which is both very carefully selected and apparently worked out to the best of Miss Harraden's ability, gives us a reasonable basis for pronouncing final judgment.

The central motive of the book is one of very singular and exceptional interest. It is wholly psychological and it is quite unique. Briefly stated, Miss Harraden has here given us the study of what may be styled a psychical seduction. The heroine of the book, one Nora Penhurst, is depicted as a normal, healthy, well-balanced and exceptionally well-educated girl, whose surroundings are thoroughly in keeping with her tastes and character. She meets in a rather informal way a man named Theodore Bevan,

*The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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who is destined to exercise a very powerful influence on her life. As described in the novel, he is a man of no physical attractiveness whatever, a man, indeed, for whom most persons when they meet him feel a half involuntary aversion. He is short and slight, with a clean-shaven face, thin lips, and an acrid manner suggestive of contemptuous cynicism. No one is pleasantly impressed by him. He is thought and spoken of as "that little beast," "the centipede" and "the earthworm," and even Nora Penhurst's first description of him is "the little wretch." Nevertheless he has a curious fascination for both men and women, though especially for women, and his greatest pleasure is to lay a sort of spell upon a woman's mind, to crush her individuality, to make all other friendships lose their charm for her, and at last to hold her in a sort of psychological slavery—a helpless, hopeless languor in which ambition perishes, hope withers away, and all the joy of life is blasted. One of the women whom he has so influenced describes it in these words:

> That was what he cared for most in life—to tame people, to take firm hold of their minds, analyse them, find out their weaknesses, distort their virtues, and leave their mental and moral individuality in ruins. He did not trouble himself about the physical. That was not his bent. But I have no hesitation in saying that a man like Theodore Bevan, who aims deliberately at ruining a woman's mind and corroding it with his poison, is a greater enemy to society than that notoriously bad fellow, Gerald Hamilton, who was turned out of our club a few weeks ago. . . . He weaned me away from all my old friends and my old pleasures. . . . Every one but me seemed to dislike and distrust him. And even I had my changing moods about him; but whenever I had doubted him most, and wished to be free of him, and take a long breath of fresh air, and feel my nature as well as my lungs expand once more, he invariably arrived at the right moment, as though by divination, and swept away all traces of any unfavourable feeling toward him.

The Fowler is the story of the gradual enmeshment of Nora Penhurst's mind by Bevan, who used to note and comment on his progress in the pages of a journal kept by him. His success was very marked. He gradually made himself a necessity in her life; he estranged her from her friends; he transformed her from a healthy-minded, optimistic girl into a listless, indifferent, languid creature; and he finally paid the penalty of his own success by growing interested in her to the extent of wishing her to marry him. His influence is broken by her discovery of his journal, in which his deliberate purpose is recorded, and by the revelation of his baseness in slandering a friend of hers who had seemed likely to interfere with his designs.

As stated thus, the motive of *The Fowler* is an interesting one. Its working out, however, is neither plausible nor probable. In the first place, the absence of a physical motive in Bevan makes the situation quite unreal, for it renders him a *lusus naturae,* a sort of moral monster, a mystery of which there is no possible explanation. Moreover, the elimination of the physical element renders the influence which he exercises upon women equally inexplicable; for the peculiar attraction which he inspires in normal minds is one that cannot be conceived of as existing apart from a certain stirring of the sources of desire, unconscious, perhaps, but no less potent. In the second place, although the conversations of Bevan with Nora are detailed at length they give no possible clue to the secret of his influence, nor, for that matter, to the presumably destructive and "corroding" nature of it. To be sure, he sneers at university education (Miss Harraden obviously thinks this little better than rank blasphemy), and he takes a mildly cynical view of life in general. He thinks that the old are selfish, and does not value sentiment. He once speaks "coldly" of duty, and smiles his "thin smile" at the mention of affection. But, after all, we cannot for the life of us see why this should have demoralised Miss Penhurst. There are many persons who hold university education in no high esteem, and the selfishness of old age is not a thesis of very startling novelty. Nor was Bevan's attitude toward duty and affection sufficiently unusual to shake the ethical foundations of a full-blooded young woman who wore tailor-made gowns at her Greek examinations. No one has to go very far in this age of hackneyed cynicism to hear all Bevan's cheap philosophy proclaimed by scores of

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men and women; and we cannot see that his "thin smile" or his habit of crouching over the fire, or even the fact that he wore a broad black ribbon attached to his eyeglasses gave any especial potency or fascination to the sorry stuff he talked.

No, the whole thing is unreal and utterly inadequate. A man like Theodore Bevan might be picked up anywhere; but he would have no influence such as Miss Harraden has ascribed to him. He would simply bore a woman half to death, while men would make a joke of him. There would be no conductivity between him and another. He could not, in life, corrupt, corrode or blast or do anything but make himself a prosy nuisance—which, indeed, is what he really is, as set forth in *The Fowler*. A genuine study of a psychical seduction, written with the insight of one who knows the life that men and women actually live, would be a curious contribution to fictional psychology, but it would have to be the work of one who knew far more of the obscurer depths of human nature than it is well for most of us to know.

As for the rest of the story, it does not call for any very serious comment. We are appalled rather than impressed by the intensely academic character of the leading personages. Nora, for instance, is a girl who bore off innumerable prizes and honours while at school, and was later "bracketed with the first on the list in the Classical Tripos." She teaches and lectures on Greek and History, and she puts in her spare time in correcting examination papers, or in studying Danish. Her papa is a genial soul who gets up Sanskrit or Old Persian as a sort of flyer whenever he is out of sorts. Her lover wrote a history of the Intellectual Evolution of Europe, and had a sister who intended to become a doctor and who did tremendous things in college before, happily, she died. Nora's friends all appear to live in the vicinity of the British Museum, where they spend most of their time in improving their virginal minds; and even a trained nurse, who figures largely in the novel, speaks patronisingly of Shakespeare and Ruskin, goes in for geology and botany, and talks of her London Matriculation. In fact, the only unacademic people in the book are obviously introduced as a foil to the "intellectual" brilliancy of the others; and in drawing them, Miss Harraden, we think, was consciously trying to do a little bit of work in George Eliot's lighter vein with Mrs. Poyser especially before her mind. We note briefly that the attempt is, to say the least, not strikingly successful.

Some peculiarities of Miss Harraden's English have attracted our attention. One of them is her application of the word "gallant" to women. "My gallant mother" is an odd expression, surely. "Hair-architecture" suggests the sort of slang that one finds in Western newspapers and is on a par, in elegance, with "hen-fruit." "Tidy" is pretty bad; while "she appears to have a crusade against you" is surely peculiar to Miss Harraden. But it is hardly worth while to extend the list. We think that Miss Harraden's literary career, so far as it really counts, may be said to have begun and ended with the publication of *Ships that Pass in the Night*.

Harry Thurston Peck.

AT MATINS

When dawn unseals the silken lids of day
  Glad timbrels stir the silence with a hymn;
And on the cloud above each altar-spray,
  As on the wing of sun-lit seraphim
The hallowed lights of early morning play.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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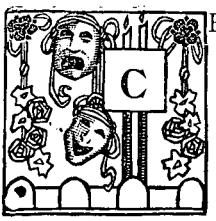
A DRAMATIC CRITIC'S NOTIONS*



CHARLES FREDERIC NIRDLINGER has for several years occupied a unique position. He is probably the most hated and the most admired dramatic critic in America. The majority of his critical *confrères* dislike him because he has never taken any pains to disguise the fact that in general he holds them either invincibly ignorant or shamelessly corrupt. The majority of players—mummers he always styles them—detest him, because he delights in pouring vitriol into that aching void of vanity which, as a rule, constitutes their sole intellectual consciousness. At the same time, quite naturally, whenever a player happens to receive even one line of commendation from this caustic pen, the player counts that bit of praise a veritable treasure, precious beyond measure and transcending all the carelessly or carefully written puffs contained in the regular notices.

But Mr. Nirdlinger, on the other hand, has a circle of very warm admirers in that by no means inconsiderable section of the public which likes intellectual honesty, and rejoices in a man with a mind of his own and the passion for speaking that mind. Whether this public always agrees with the positions or the findings of such a critic matters not. The utterances are felt to be honest, carefully matured, and found to be stimulative.

Mr. Nirdlinger's *Masques and Mummers* appeals to me as one of the most considerable books that have been published in years on the subject of the drama. And just because it is deserving of so much consideration, I shall point out its blemishes and impertinences, as well as its vital values and shining excellences. The opening essay, "On the Current Nonsense About Acting," is well calculated to whet the appetite of the reader for the sometimes almost brutal image-breaking in store; but from a purely literary point of view it is inferior to the witty and weighty companion essays in this volume. In his attack on posing and poseurs, Mr. Nirdlinger strikes an attitude that savours of pose itself. Why begin a book so instinct with fine, serious purpose, as this really is, with a demonstration that there can be no such thing as an art of acting rightly so called, and with a correlate assertion and insistence that "dramatic criticism is the most fatuous and feeble of pursuits"?—and then to proceed through nearly four hundred brilliant pages, with a series of powerful, though sometimes, indeed, pyrotechnical essays, which effectually disprove the second postulate at least, if not the first also, in a partial way. Such eccentric conduct certainly contains the essence of posing or of a too forced facetiousness, if deliberate; and if not deliberate, it offers a clear case of illogic or of pure contrariness. What manner of shopman is this who cries: "Here you have 'em—wormy figs—the wormiest in the world—who'll buy, who'll buy?"

"Criticism," as Mr. Nirdlinger neatly turns his epigram, "is but the lament of impotent aspiration." "The critics," quoth Disraeli, "are the men who have failed." The older I grow, however, the more distrustful I become of rough-and-ready generalisations, and the more suspicious of the intrinsic value of epigrams; barring, of course, those of my own manufacture. Possibly it would be truer to say: "Critics as a class are men who have never had, or seized, an opportunity to fail." But Mr. Nirdlinger, the dramatic critic, who has called in question his vocation and his capacity to fill it so strenuously in the first chapter of his book, cannot be put in that category; for the only play he has yet committed, to wit, *Pompadour,* was a notable success, though handicapped by an inefficient actress in the leading rôle; it was more—an intellectual achievement for a man then so young. Hence, Mr. Nirdlinger, according to my notions, by proving his ability to write a play above the average, has given earnest of his possibility of becoming a good critic; though, to be sure, a man might be an excellent critic of the drama and of acting and yet lack creative power.

From this prefatory essay, however, wherein he so rudely runs a-tilt of act-

* Masques and Mummers. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. New York: De Witt Publishing Company.

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ing as an art and criticism as a consequent of any consequence, it is only fair to present a few piquant specimens of his paradox on parade. Discussing certain views of slight note on the American stage, which a celebrated French actor vouchsafed not long ago, Mr. Nirdlinger says:

Monsieur Febvre is an actor, and, assuming for the moment that there is such a thing as an art of acting—or, rather, the art of acting—the truth remains that the actor, of all men, is the least qualified, the most poorly equipped, to discuss the rules or the tenets of his pursuit. He knows nothing of the art of acting—again assuming that there is such a thing.

Before flouting finally this seeming paradox, pray reflect that in the very nature of things the actor must be ignorant of that of which he often prates so eruditely and authoritatively. He cannot see himself as others see him. He can judge of the effectiveness of his methods or manners or personality, or of all together, only through the medium of his audience. Take away this latter factor in the equation and there is left—nothing.

* * * * *

If acting be an art, it is unique among its kind in requiring none of the greater faculties whose exercise is essential to any form of successful achievement in the others.

Indeed, it is by no means obvious that such an elemental instrument as intelligence, save of the rudest sort, is necessary to the actor. One would not imply, of course, that there are no intelligent actors, or, rather, that there are no actors who happen to be intelligent; but the contention is that the faculty may be absent or present only in inchoate development, without materially hampering the work of the mummer or militating against his scenic effectiveness. A mere unreasoning child, with intelligence no keener or nicer than that of a clever spaniel, may be brought, by a few weeks of patience, to produce a stage figure flawless in apparent conception and execution, complete in illusion. No one would predicate that that same child could be driven into a similar marvel in sculpture or painting or literary composition. Who, too, has not seen pantomimes performed with distinction and conviction by horses and dogs; whole dramas, in some instances, carried out with seeming understanding and infectious sympathy? And yet a picture painted by a horse would deceive no one. The finest conceivable canine intelligence, brought to the highest possible point of training, could not be made to bark in numbers.

* * * * *

If it were true that acting is an art, with such laws and limitations as control in painting, sculpture, poesy and music, it would follow that he who transgressed or disregarded these conventions must fail utterly of pleasurable impression. But so far do such accidental qualities as we have just regarded prevail over dictates of the craft, that an actor may snap his fingers at them in disdain, if only chance has given him a figure properly put up, or endowed him with that peculiar balance between nerves, veins and muscles that constitutes personal magnetism. Of course, there are some obvious bounds beyond which even an actor of fascinating individuality may not venture without risk. It were perilous, perhaps, for an Irving even, or a Sonnenthal, to recite the famous soliloquy of Hamlet while standing on his head.

And yet, for my own part, I believe that if such an innovation were attempted by an actor of the requisite professional authority and personal allurement, there would be found a plenty of critics and of playgoers to approve and applaud it. Nor would they be at loss for arguments to justify their commendation. "A happy device," they would proclaim the deed —"a conceit of pure genius!" They would marvel that such an ingenious piece of stage-business had never occurred before to a portrayer of the distracted Dane. What more natural and realistic than for Hamlet to discuss the problem of existence while standing on his head? The very sort of thing he would do if he were crazy—as some suppose him—or even if he were trying to make those about him believe that he had gone daft. A veritable inspiration! And in all probability all succeeding Hamlets would be expected to drool to-be-or-not-to-be in the inverted attitude of a circus gymnast. For so much does the accident of personal charm count in the cantingly styled art of acting. Endow the player with the mystic gift of animal magnetism—the same equipment that enables the adventurer and the siren to conquer wealth, position, the dominance of nations—and he may laugh to scorn all the most precise formulas, the most cherished traditions of his so-called art. The spectator forgives and forgets his blunder, exults in his outrages upon scenic decorousness.

With an actor so favoured it will be as it was with the great Wilkes:

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"But he squints," sneered a courtier, when a certain famous beauty was raving over the charms of the ugly statesman.

"Yes," was the sighing reply, "but no more than a gentleman should squint."

One cannot deny that much of sweet reasonableness resides in these bristly burrs of argument, and that they sign Mr. Nirdlinger's possession of a clear, satiric humour; but the overture as a whole somehow disappoints.

For the next essay on "The Advantages of Anonymity in the Theatre," hearty commendation without any condemnation can be justly awarded. I can recall no essay since the days of playful Lamb wherein an intrinsically impracticable or deliciously absurd set of propositions are argued into a seeming and almost convincing gravity with such a potent subtlety of humour. It would be a shame to quote from this essay, unless one quoted all of it. Here there is no forcing, as in the preceding chapter, of the frolic fantasy; it flows and steals along with covert melody like "a hidden brook in the leafy month of June." Nor is this quaint argument in point of style disfigured, as too many of Mr. Nirdlinger's writings are, by a redundancy of epithets, and an inordinate affection, "a lustrous lust," for odd phrasings and unusual words.

The next chapter, "Of a New Philosophy of Dramatic Criticism," has a few of these verbal annoyances mingling with its thoughtful satisfactions. Words like "avidious" and "riggish" are permissible to a poet, doubtless, if hard up for a rhyme to insidious, perfidious, priggish or piggish; but they hardly appertain of right to the manly Muse of modern prose. One scarcely expects, by the bye, any especially sociological observations in a work of this kind; but this writer is a man of pleasant surprises. I commend to the next broad writer on sociology, therefore, the fine differentiation of "the mass" and "the public" which is incidentally made in this proposition of what criticism should be.

In "The Passing of the Mummer-Isis," the full quality of Mr. Nirdlinger's fine clarity of thought shows itself with a painful abundance of those faults in style already intimated. Agreeing heartily with the main contention concerning the mummer who, in this age, and especially in our country, has for long been "pinnacled dim in the intense inane" of a fatuous worship, I yet must take issue with him when he asserts: "We are distinctly inferior to the English in culture. The poverty of the nation in statesmen, scholars, novelists, painters and poets of the first class is no more conclusive of that fact than the utter dearth of considerable dramatists." True, we have as yet no dramatists to compare favourably with those of England, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Scandinavia, not to speak of those who were the glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome; but we have signs of them. Surely James A. Herne, Clyde Fitch, Bronson Howard and others whom we might recall have given earnest of an ultimate national drama of real importance. Indeed, Mr. Nirdlinger himself has in a small way evinced a like potentiality, and we should be vastly better pleased with him if he foreswore playing the oracle about plays, and set himself to writing and publishing them—whether in book form or on the stage is immaterial—for we hold it true that a really good play reads as well as it acts, and often better. As for the other sorts of artists in whom Mr. Nirdlinger so roundly declares us deficient, that could be partially refuted with a presentment of American names that would well-nigh match any that England has produced. But this is not the place and time for such an appeal to comparative history.

I come now to a cursory consideration of Mr. Nirdlinger's sixth essay, the strongest and richest of all, which rejoices in the daring title, "The White Sow in the Theatre"—a suggestion from the tenth book of the *Odyssey*. It needed not a citation of rolling Homeric hexameters at the head of this chapter to convince one of the writer's real scholarship; but they add a wreath of charm for the eye as for the mind, so let us not account them a stroke of pedantry. The best method of indicating the profound value of this brilliant essay and also of displaying the virtues and vices of Mr. Nirdlinger's style is to present the reader with a long passage:

"Men can't understand such a woman as Zaza"—how often one has heard that! And

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the same of Magda, Paula Tanqueray, Mrs. Ebbsmith, Claudine Rozay, Césarine, Emma Scarli and the rest of the favourites in the scenic seraglio, whose torrid love-affairs the playwrights have sought to cool into a comfortable halo. After every fresh exploitation of one or another of these glorified hetairæ, the "woman's page" of newspaper and magazine gushes psychology in explanation of what is lucidly explained only by pathology. "These are women's women," is the burden of the cry, when in point of fact they are distinctly men's women. Their place in the comic tragedies that their spangled careers inspire proves that beyond question. The pretence that these shapely and well-kept animals into whom the spirit of Circe has breathed the temper of the White Sow reflect the feelings and sentiment of womankind, is simply a monstrous impertinence. It may hold good for a certain class of muliebrity. The expert wits that fashion these dramas of sexual turmoil undoubtedly select typical characteristics to illuminate their heroines. But that these abnormal figures sign the generality of femininity is a silly presumption. Granting that men cannot understand such a woman as Zaza, for instance—though as a matter of fact she is a very easy proposition—one may go further and add that neither is she understood of women; that is, women of the blessed average.

Effeminate men and mannish women have thrown so many sounding aphorisms and empty proverbs about femininity that almost any kind of nonsense regarding the sex finds credence. So the dramatist and manager and press agent and woman writer who set up some sputtering fagot as an incarnation of the essence of the sex may draw the deluded multitude to the view, particularly if they place her in her habitual ambiency of champagne, prodigal bucks and the morphine-needle. But do not expect us to believe that the central figure of such circumstances compels the understanding and sympathy of "those others" whom she customarily vilifies and rails at. Such a creature as Zaza, I maintain, is an utter mystery to the average woman of every-day life and a nauseous disgust as well. Women, in the vast, uncountable majority, can have no comprehension of the thoughts, emotions or behaviour of a being that abandons itself to every and any freak of sensuality, because women in the vast, uncountable majority are pure and innocent, as clean in thought naturally as they are clean in speech customarily. Cynicism—and followers of erotic literature on stage and bookstall—may jeer at this apparently sophomoric utterance, but its reason will transpire to all men who do not limit feminine companionship to convenient facility. The average woman is even ignorant or, at most, vaguely suspicious, of the viciousness that comes into masculine existence as a matter of course. The teachings of chance or instinct, if such insinuate themselves into her consciousness, she keeps secret even from herself. Whence, then, could come the sympathy with the frank lust and carnal jealousies that the stage pretends to illustrate the sex? It is impossible in nature and in the basilar conditions of society that women of normal make-up, threading decent love, should regard the morbid frenzies, the sickening restiveness of a Zaza, a Tanqueray, a Blanche de Chelles, or the like with any sentiment but that of revulsion. And people do not go to the playhouse to be revolted. There may be women who fly to the quick of Zaza's character and who find there sensitive reflex of their own moods and manners. But, in the main, they are women who lead men's lives. There may, too, be a plenty of such to crowd a theatre for months and insure the fortune of these excursions into Paphos; but for all their number they make no valid rule. Luxury and cupidity have not yet worked such havoc in the race. When the heroines of some recent sensational "successes" actually reflect the soul and heart of the women that a loose public opinion and the complacency or doltishness of criticism lead to the scene of their exposure, the second Deluge will not be far off.

"What the Prisoner of Zenda Stood for" is a charming bit of discerning praise for which Anthony Hope has reason to feel grateful after so many perfumed showers of loose, unreasoned laudation. "A Play that was Done on the Bowery" and "The Great Galeoto" are equally delightful in tone and treatment; but the former could well have been amplified. The average reader, who is always to be courteously considered, might fairly crave more explanations or suggestions of "relations" than Mr. Nirdlinger has granted.

"The First Mrs. Tanqueray" is a sketch that really has no business in the book. Clever in itself, it is nevertheless an impertinence, and one would like to see it dropped from the next edition for matter more in keeping. In less meas-

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ure the same might be said in regard to another sketch, "About a Lady, a Playwright and an Actress," which is more in the nature of an individual temperamental *jeu d'esprit* than an important piece of thinking in line with the general aim and the valiant temper of this book. "In Tribute to Some Threatened Landmarks" — this author is audaciously happy in his captions—is also a *jeu d'esprit;* but so delicate in its literary cunning, so delicious in its imitation of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* style of dramatic criticism, and withal so true in its presentation of a passing phase of our popular taste that it cannot be condemned as impertinent. "The Retirement of the Dean and its Inspiration" is another felicitous chapter that can be read more than once for its truth and its high finish; and "The Superstition of Brunettes in the Theatre," originally thrown away unsigned by the author in an obscure periodical, is almost a poem.

Enough has now been said to give a tolerably fair idea of the moral and literary value and of the unique interestingness of *Masques and Mummers.* It remains to say a few absolutely necessary words of severe censure. The plain, ugly fact is that Mr. Nirdlinger is a writer who constantly buncoes himself out of his best effects by an over-ambition for brilliance and resilience of style. As the Germans (whom he evidently loves not) have a fashion of saying, he is addicted to "skyrocketing." Paradox for paradox—and he loveth such overmuch—Mr. Nirdlinger would be twice as brilliant if he were half as brilliant. He has but slight literary sense of the beauty and the force of repose. And while you cannot help feeling the might and main sincerity of his convictions, the integrity of his purpose and the radical justice of his cause; the affectations of style in which he indulges, the Oriental or Rabbinical mannerisms in which he revels at times, convey an impression of posing which is offensive to the literary sense, and destructive, or possibly destructive, of the entire success of his intellectual aim. The dazzle of his verbiage tends to obscure some of his best thought; and the old words, or unusual significations of words yet in use which he sprinkles over his pages, give a crazy-quilt effect to some of his finest passages. He appears to have ransacked the catacombs of the dictionary for verbs, nouns and adjectives quaint and curious. Two or three of his resurrections are, perhaps, felicitous; but the mass are anathema plus taboo. Besides this, he has about a dozen pet phrases which reappear with Homeric frequency, but not with Homeric childlikeness.

We rejoice in a writer who creates a style or several styles for himself, if only the creations be apt; but we chafe when a man spoils a direct, strong, impassioned style with vanities of vague or voluptuous verbiage. Julia Ward Howe, speaking to me of Charles Sumner, said: "Yes, he was a great orator; but there was often, too often, a touch of the rhetor about him." Mr. Nirdlinger is a fine writer, but there is more than a touch of "fine writing," in the unpleasant sense, about his *Masques and Mummers.* Considerable must be conceded, of course, in judgments of this kind to the dominance of temperament. That Mr. Nirdlinger is an Oriental could be deduced from his manner; but that he is thoroughly modern and Occidental in ethics is equally clear. As it is natural for an Oriental or a Latin to speak with more colour and temper than for a Scandinavian or Anglo-Saxon, so, perhaps, part of what may seem affectation in his work is an overflow of pure nature.

That *Masques and Mummers* will find its way into the regard of the intellectual there can be no doubt. Nothing so strong, so vivacious, so true to the "eternal verities" in dramatic criticism has appeared in this country for years.

Henry Austin.

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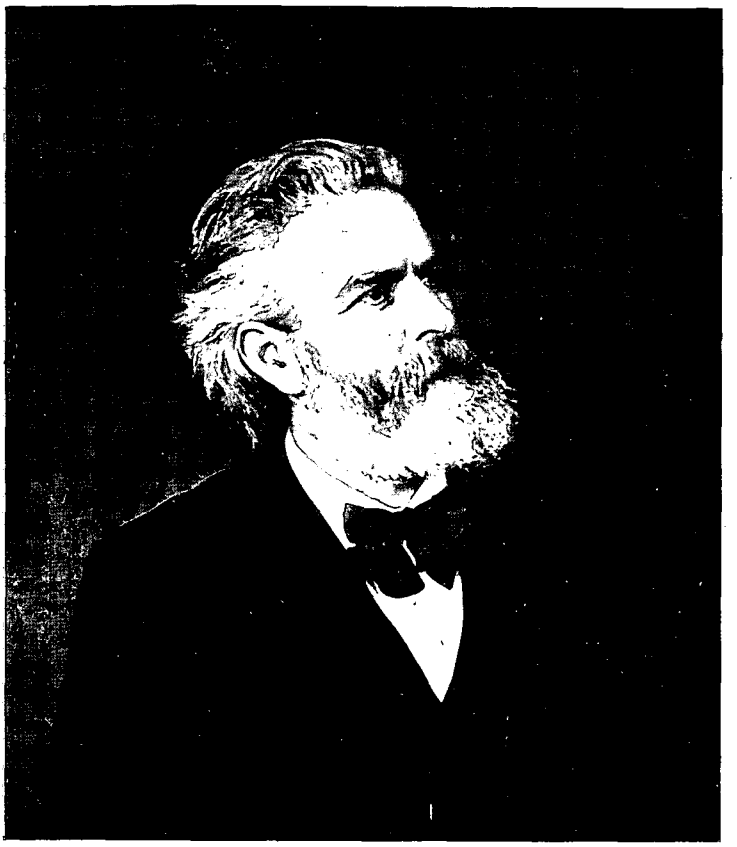

Edwin Markham.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

I.

Edwin Markham awoke one morning to find himself famous. For years he had been an occasional contributor of verse to *Scribner's Magazine, The Century, The Atlantic* and the *San Francisco Examiner,* while pursuing in comparative obscurity the vocation of teaching in Oakland, California. But during all those years he brooded over the theme of the poem that once uttered made him famous; like the Hebrew poet of old, while he mused the fire burned. "The Man with the Hoe" was published in the San Francisco *Examiner* for January 8. But let Mr. Markham, who is now in New York, tell the story in his own way.

"It was a visit I made to a loan exhibition in San Francisco, some ten years ago, where I saw for the first time Millet's great painting, 'The Man with the Hoe,' perhaps the most impressive product of any painter's genius in modern times. This picture is more terrible to me than anything in Dante. It is just as hopeless, and its scene is more real, more human. I sat for an hour before the painting, and all the time the tenor and power of the picture were growing upon me. I saw that this creation of the painter was no mere peasant, no chance

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man of the fields, but he was rather a type, a symbol of the toiler brutalised through long ages of industrial oppression. I saw in this peasant the slow but awful degradation of man through endless, hopeless and joyless labour. I saw in this peasant betrayed humanity, for, Cain to the contrary notwithstanding, we are all more or less our brother's keeper.

"This picture lived in my memory for ten years, until during my last Christmas vacation I wrote out the impression of it that had been springing up through my soul all those years. Then I happened to be present at a literary event in San Francisco, just after I had received a typewritten copy of the poem, and on being pressed to read it to help out the evening I did so. A proposal to publish the poem in San Francisco was shortly afterward made to me, which I accepted, as I was glad of the opportunity to make the truth that I stand for better known to my own people."

This man who has struck a universal chord that has made the "passionate silence" resound and respond to his touch interests us equally by his personality as by his poetry. Mr. Markham is a quiet man of studious habits and retiring disposition. His fine artistic head, with hair prematurely gray, and dark, keen eyes that light up suddenly with fire and brilliancy in conversation, does not disappoint our conception of the poet. His manner is dignified, cordial and sincere, and his speech simple and unaffected. He looks like a man who had done with vanity. In answer to a remark about the effect of this sudden greatness that has been thrust upon him, he laughed, then said gravely:

"In the old days obscurity did not distress me; in these days notoriety does not disturb me. I have tried to build my life upon a foundation deeper than these chances and changes of time. Praise always humbles me: Man is but an organ through which the Higher Power acts. If a man does good work, the joy of it is his, but the glory is God's."

This philosophy of life and work, Mr. Markham has put into one of his poems —"Song made Flesh."

I have no glory in these songs of mine:
If one of them can make a brother strong,
It came down from the peaks of the divine—
I heard it in the Heaven of Lyric Song.
The one who builds the poem into fact,
He is the rightful owner of it all:
The pale words are with God's own power packed
When brave souls answer to their bugle-call.

And so I ask no man to praise my song,
But I would have him build it in his soul;
For that great praise would make me glad and strong,
And build the poem to a perfect whole.

When asked if he had any premonition as to the attention his poem was likely to attract, he replied decidedly that he had not. He originally intended it for the volume of poems he was preparing, and which he had thought of calling *A Stir of Pines*. "In fact, I did not think that any leading journal was ready to accept it." The noble sympathy that has been awakened in the breasts of men by "The Man with the Hoe" has been a great satisfaction to the poet. On the other hand, he has been in a few instances surprised and distressed by misinterpretations of the poem. "A few persons took it," he says, "that my poem referred to our intelligent, well-to-do farmer. A few have gone so far as to make the astounding statement that I want men to desert the hoe—that I think labour degrading! Of course, all this is as far away from my meaning as the north star. I protest against the degradation of labour, not against labour itself. I want hoe-men to stick to their hoes, but I want them to get something for their hoeing. I want them to have something in their lives besides mere dull labour. I want them to have time for rest—time for study—time for thought—time for aspiration."

"The Man with the Hoe" has been so widely reprinted and commented upon during the past month or two that scarce one of our readers can be a stranger to its startling potency of profound thought and feeling. Seldom is it that any single poem, appearing as this one did in the columns of a newspaper, takes such tremendous hold on a nation and lifts its author into an enviable popularity. The issue of the San Francisco *Examiner* in which it was originally published (see the accompanying reproduction) has already become scarce and copies are hard to procure. But Mr. Markham's reputation as a poet will not stand on this poem alone, as readers of his collected

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verses are now able to perceive. Traces of the influence of other poets on his work are not easily discernible; sometimes one is reminded of the grave, severe beauty of Wordsworth at his best, and then again one has to hark back to Shelley for anything like the haunting imagery and lyric rapture that tremble and abide in some of these poems. There is the classic note; the Hebrew consciousness of God and the soul; the Greek love of art and perfection of form.

Mr. Markham's post of duty in Oakland is situated in the centre of teeming life and industrial activity. The roar of the city's stir, the clang of engines and the scream of factory whistles make noisy the principal's office, and the iron of it all enters his soul. But on his desk, covered with books and papers and school reports, there stands in the midst the picture of a little child with lilies in her hands, and the poet's face softens and smiles when his eyes light on it. Herein is a parable—the parable unfolded in this volume of poems*—toil and moil and trouble, but at the heart of life there is promise and hope and power. "And a little child shall lead them."

II.

Certain inaccurate fragments, setting forth the events of Mr. Markham's life, have been going the rounds of the press, many of them tending to misrepresent him, and as no authentic account of his career has yet appeared, at least in the East, we give the following facts, which are vouched for in every particular.

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, nearly a half century ago. He is descended from two families that have been factors in American history since the early annals. His father's people are kin to Colonel William Markham, who was a cousin of William Penn, and who came to Pennsylvania as Penn's secretary, and later on was vice-governor of that colony. The mother's line makes the poet a descendant of Nathaniel Winchell, who came to Connecticut in 1628. The Winchells have always been leaders in progressive movements. Twenty members of the family served in the Revolutionary War and sixty in the Civil War, sounding all the octave from drummer boy to chaplain. Ann Arbor University has especially felt the impress of this family line.

Edwin Markham, blending the spirit of both these sturdy family lines, carries in his character the clear-cut note of individuality. His rearing has been entirely apart from all family traditions; but underground or hereditary forces have been at work within him. He sprang to manhood under the spell of the vivid and eager West. His boyhood was spent on a cattle range in Central California, where his widowed mother had gone to make a home, unaided, for the most part, save by her son. Here the lad passed his early years with no companions except a brother dumb and deaf, and a mother strangely silent and severe. The mother was a remarkable woman, fixed like iron in her purposes, gifted with a singular power of condensed and vivid expression. Curiously enough, she had had quite a vogue as a newspaper poet in her earlier years in Oregon City.

Young Markham found plenty to do on the ranch and range. The toils of seed-time and harvest, the care of the horses and the cattle, filled his early years. His schooling was scant in those days, a snatch now and then during the winters in a rude country schoolhouse four miles away. But something better than schools could give him was passing into his being—woodcraft and weather-wit, the friendship of animals, the stimulating beauty of the upland orchard, the calm sanity of the rocks, the secrets of the deep canyons, the fearlessness and vision of the high hills. Moreover, there were two stray books of poetry in the bleak little house at the foot of the mountain—a copy of Pope's *Iliad* and a voluminous edition of Byron's *Poems*. Into these the boy soon began to peer, and straightway he was under the spell of the Muses. A book of verse now went with his loaf of bread in his long rides after the cattle over hill and plain; and his own early rhymes were attuned to the calms and cadences of the sandy dunes and the wildwood trails. One of his boyish efforts in verse remains to this day, written in his early and laboured handwriting. The daring boy took for his theme a high argument—"A Dream of Chaos."

*The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems. By Edwin Markham. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

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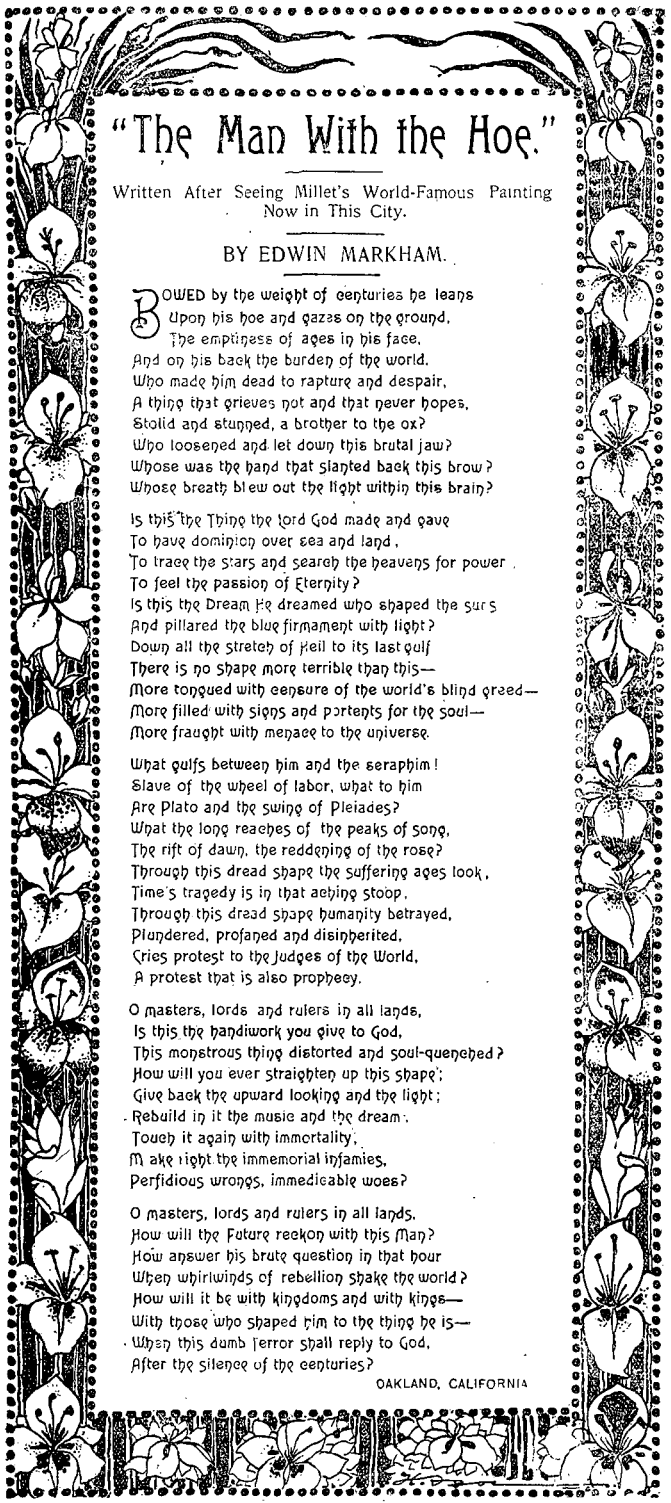

"The Man With the Hoe."

Written After Seeing Millet's World-Famous Painting Now in This City.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop,
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Fac-simile (reduced) of the original publication in the "Sunday Examiner Magazine," January 8, now very scarce. Over this was printed a rough reproduction of Millet's painting. The picture and poem occupied nearly a half page.

This bold offering to the Tragic Muse was written in his fifteenth year.

"All these early years," the poet says, "had no meaning for me but colour; they went by me, now a stretch of green, now a stretch of yellow." There was always a touch of romance in the blood of the young Westerner. So one day when things went wrong at home, he saddled a horse and rode away in the direction that he knew least. Without a dollar he cut himself loose from his old life and rode northward into the Coast Range. After months of adventure, he worked his way into the Sacramento Valley, where he joined a crew of harvesters. When the crew broke up one of them came to him with an invitation to go into the stage-robbing business. The man was a noted knight of the road, but he used his wiles in vain. Soon after this event the runaway was found by his mother; a truce was patched up, whereby the boy, athirst for knowledge, was sent to the State Normal School. After many struggles he won his way to the highest honours of his class; taking, at a later date, a classical course in one of the best colleges in the State. He studied law for a time, but never practised. He went into blacksmithing for a time, a trade known, by the way, to his father and his grandfather. His blacksmithing was done more as a discipline than anything else. It is a common saying of his that unselfish labour furnishes the only basis for regenerating the world.

Finally, Mr. Markham went into educational work.

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As Superintendent and Head Master of Schools he has left his impress on California. At present he is Principal of the Observation School of the University of California, in the city of Oakland. An omnivorous reader, an eloquent speaker, he is also a writer of clear, strong, vibrating prose as well as a poet.

Mr. Markham is certainly a "bookman," if one may judge from his private library, which is one of the largest and best selected in the State. His taste runs toward literary criticism, social philosophy and the higher religious problems. He gravitates in social philosophy toward Hegel, Ruskin and Herron. He believes that all true progress of men is a progress unto Solidarity, an ever-growing realisation of the principle of Fraternity. Fraternity is to him the holiest of all words, being at once "the essence of all Gospels, and the fulfilment of all Revelations." *J. M.*

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CIVIL WAR TO-DAY

A FOOT-NOTE is seldom dramatic. There is, however, an instance in the English edition of Mommsen's *History of Rome* which can scarcely fail to strike an American reader in that way.

At the close of his story of Cæsar's assumption of power, the German historian shows how inevitable and how necessary the military monarchy had become in a national organisation based on slavery and ripening into oligarchic absolutism, and he closes a vigorous paragraph by saying, "When once the slaveholding aristocracy of Virginia and the Carolinas shall have carried matters as far as their congeners in Sullan Rome, Cæsarism will then, too, be legitimised at the bar of the Spirit of History."

Upon this, Mommsen's Scotch translator, Professor Dickson, of Glasgow University, remarks in a foot-note:

> When this was written, in the year 1857, no one could foresee how soon the mightiest struggle and most glorious victory as yet recorded in human annals would save the United States from this fearful trial, and secure the future existence of absolute self-governing freedom.

It is hard to say whether the historian's prophecy, coming so close upon unexpected events, or the translator's estimate, evidently produced by the combined effect of the prophecy and the event, is most striking. We certainly have here an instructive glimpse of the meaning of our great crisis as it appeared to disinterested and more than commonly capable observers, and it raises the question whether we ourselves have completely realised its importance. Thirty years give, after all, but a short perspective, and they have been occupied in ways hardly the most favourable to a clear vision of broad principles. During the ten or fifteen years following the war —the Period of Reconstruction—the embers of the passions of strife still glowed, flaring up now and then with fitful threats, until, as they burnt themselves out, we began to understand that our victory would prove little better than defeat unless its issue should be something different from mere conquest of the South.

The remaining twenty years may be called the Period of Reconciliation. They have seen the growth of a generous dis-

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position to draw a veil of soothing kindliness over old wounds and in every way to promote their speedy healing; and it has not been possible to do this without allowing the causes of the war to sink somewhat into the background. As to the war itself, that could not be forgotten. In fact, its remembrance has really helped the work of reconciliation, for the simple, yet noble, reason that nowhere did the bitterness die out of strife so soon or so completely as within the ranks of the soldiers of the opposing armies.

The early boast that "one Southron could whip five Yankees," was silenced after the first year of battles. The cry of the North, confident in its giant strength, sure that our forward rush "on to Richmond" would end the war in three months, soon became a by-word in the Union camps. We speedily gained that respect for each other which the measuring of strength in fair, stand-up fight always brings to men of Anglo-Saxon breed; but that was not all. As the war went on in prolonged, desperate, often doubtful, life or death struggle, as its awful procession of bloody battles advanced through year after year, personalities faded. We who were in the ranks of either army felt ourselves the fated instruments of mighty, invisible forces; we seemed to ourselves the elect to suffer and die. A feeling akin to contempt for those who stayed at home and did the shouting came over us; the men whose faces grew familiar in opposing ranks on the battle's perilous edge seemed more nearly brethren than those others. In the lulls of the fighting, when, as it often happened, the men in blue and grey from converging picket lines fraternised and swapped newspapers and exchanged coffee for tobacco, you might hear Johnnie say to Yank, and Yank agree with Johnnie, that "if the politicians would keep their hands off, and leave this thing to the men of the two armies, the war would soon be over." Doubtless, we were wrong, but such talk showed the feeling of the men who did the fighting toward each other. And when at last it was all over, the much praised magnanimity of the victor at Appomattox was but the reflection of the feeling which, as he well knew, was warm in the breasts of the men whom he led. The veteran survivors of the fearfully war-worn regiments of either side understood each other. They, far more readily and heartily than any others, could shake hands over the bloody chasm. The men of the North knew that they had little cause for selfish exultation in their hour of victory; the men of the South knew that we could never despise them.

Probably few things in after years helped more strongly toward complete reconciliation between North and South than the publication of the series of war articles in the *Century Magazine,* where the men who were the real leaders and the hard fighters on either side had full opportunity to tell their story to the American public. But the rising generation has, it must be confessed, grown a little tired of listening while we old soldiers fight our battles over again. Nor have we always cut heroic figures in the peaceful walks of life. We have been, perhaps, too appreciative of our own services, too insistent in our demands for pensions and rewards. In Centennial or Columbian processions the feeble ranks of old fellows marching with Grand Army posts, reverently carrying their tattered flags, show to small advantage beside the compact and jaunty regiments of young militiamen, though these have never seen a shot fired in anger. The present, bright and busy, looks toward the future rather than upon the past, and has scarcely stopped to ask what the great disturbance of the sixties really meant. Lately, moreover, the present generation has been carried off its feet with the excitement of a war of its own —a little war, indeed, scarcely more than a skirmish compared to the Titanic contest of thirty-five years ago; yet not without its heroisms and most remarkable in its results. In part these results belong as yet to an incomputable future. One, however, and the greatest of them all, is evident in the present. It is the unveiling of the nation; the discovery of the United States as one of the great World Powers. But the mighty nation which to-day stands forth glorious in its strength took its final form in the fires of the Civil War. Our late little war, our marvellously easy and resultful victory over Spain, is really but a secondary result of the greater and more formative struggle of the sixties.

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It may be questioned whether historians of a hundred years hence will date our full-orbed nationality from the close of the Revolution of 1776. The Union of States then consummated might be compared to the welding of a steel shaft, choice in the material of its several bands, beautiful in its proportions, yet weakened by a dangerous central flaw. The hammers of that earlier day were not equal to their task.

Our Revolutionary Fathers were not insensible to the anomaly and the danger of slavery in a free republic; but slavery had come to them as an inheritance from the earliest settlement of the country. It is significant that Spain first of all, and afterward England, were responsible for its introduction to the New World, and in the colonies which afterward became States, Puritan and Cavalier—Puritans most of all at first, shared in its guilty profit. Our Fathers hoped, not without reason, for its gradual disappearance. Some of the most outspoken opponents of slavery were Southern men. It became fastened upon and concentrated in the South, mainly because of climatic conditions. But the passing years made it more and more evident that slavery was a fatal flaw, making the Union of States a mockery, an uncertain confederation of inharmonious elements instead of a true nation. When Lincoln said, "This Union cannot continue to exist half slave and half free," his words were absolute truth. The Civil War came as a necessary result of clashing conditions; it was not simply "a slaveholders' rebellion" on the one hand, nor "an outbreak of abolitionist agitation" on the other, though in truth the nation owes a debt to the abolitionists. Narrow and fanatical as they often were, they became the gadflies that stung conscience into action. In the rude war song of the soldiers of the North there was profound and pathetic truth:

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

We can see now that the Civil War was not destructive only; it was constructive; it was the awful but beneficent furnace into which the faulty shaft was cast, the terrible yet effective hammer of a new and perfect welding. Its fierce fires, its crushing blows, were our salvation. By means of it the nation was born anew. If the Revolution was our Genesis, the Civil War was our Exodus. The Spanish War is a mere episode, important because it marks the emergence from seclusion of an already full-grown nation.

The books upon Civil War subjects which come to us with an imprint as late even as 1898 illustrate the imperfect consciousness of this maturity persisting up to the very hour of the boom of Dewey's guns. It is safe to say that Mr. Dana, if he were alive to-day, would wish to revise his *Recollections*. As it is his book is disappointing, not only because its promise of disclosures of the inner history of the war seems so unequal to its performance, but because its partisan tone makes manifest his inadequate estimate of the crisis in which he was so important and so useful an actor.

The *Life of General Meade* is also disappointing. The introductory chapters contain a very acute analysis of the causes of the Civil War, while it would be hard to find elsewhere a more concise and clear exposition of military advantages of the South from the familiarity of its population with the use of arms; from its sharp, social distinctions producing natural leaders within masses accustomed to be led, and from its general homogeneousness; all in strong contrast to conditions in the democratic and peacefully industrial North. But as a life of General Meade Mr. Bache's book is hardly a success. It gives us little more than the oft-told story of the campaigns in which Meade was engaged, with but little of the great Union soldier's personality as a background. This is the more unfortunate because Meade stands most conspicuous among a class of officers who rendered great and inadequately recognised services. Others who might be named are Thomas and Humphreys. Others still, like Reynolds, Sedgwick and McPherson, fell in battle. True knights these were, whose soldierly instincts scorned the acts of the demagogue, whose one care was the giving of their all to the service of their country. The men in the ranks knew and trusted them. There are not a few of the surviving officers of the old army who believe that General Meade was one of the three or four most illustrious sol-

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diers produced by that great war. But when his story comes to be told in the new spirit of full consciousness of our nationality, his brightest decoration will be the unselfish patriotism which made the victor at Gettysburg willing, for the good of the cause, to take a subordinate and most embarrassing position in the final campaigns of the army of which he had lately been commander-in-chief.

Mr. Ropes's work stands on a different plane from those already mentioned. It is essentially a military history, the result of careful research. It is calm, clear, convincing in its discussions of campaigns and of the merits and demerits of leaders. Perhaps it is too much to ask for inspiration from such a work; yet one cannot but regret that the story, for example, of so remarkable a battle as that of Stone River should be told so coldly, with such entire absence of incident and description. Only two of the four parts of Mr. Ropes's history have as yet been published. It will be interesting to see what effect the new order of things may have upon the remaining and more important portions of his narrative.

After all, the things which have been written thus far about the Civil War, numberless though they be, are at best but material for history. The real story of that "mightiest struggle and most glorious victory in human annals" remains to be told.

Ira Seymour Dodd.

NACHTSTÜCK

The sky is remote and forgotten,
The stars forgotten and dead,
Yet the vistas of light are golden,
The scattered lights are red,
And glistening black on the asphalt
The liquid shadows are spread
Where the crowding human phantoms
Stream by through the night and the rain
Into darkness again.

I too am only a shadow,
Who watch these shades go by,
In the city transformed by the magic
The night lets down from the sky.
The rain-blurred lights, the voices,
The gusts that swirl and die,
And the buildings that loom into midnight,
This hour as I note them seem
But a tissue of dream.

And I laugh to think that the city
To this hurrying, phantom crowd
Seems real as the thing that is real,
The dream to my heart allowed;
For the lights and the streets and the tumult
Will fade like a coloured cloud;
But no gods can recall what they gave me
That day in a desolate land
When I touched Her hand.

William Carman Roberts.

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LITERARY PARIS

FRANCISQUE SARCEY is not the only Frenchman of letters who disappeared during the month. His death was preceded by only a few days by that of Henry Becque. Becque was born under an unlucky star. In spite of remarkable gifts for the stage he never won any unqualified success. Two of his plays, however, *Les Corbeaux* and *La Parisienne,* are deserving of a very high rank in the dramatic literature of the last quarter of a century and are likely to be more successful with the new generation than they were during the life of their author. He leaves an unfinished play, *Les Polichinelles,* a bitter satire of modern society, four of the five acts of which are completely written, and I shall be very much surprised if some friend of his does not give it the finishing touches and have it produced. He numbered among his warmest admirers Octave Mirbeau and Edmond Rostand, who were both by his bedside when he died. Either of them might perform the pious task.

We were very near having to record another death. Catulle Mendès was seriously wounded in a duel by his friend, George Vanor, the poet, and all about a discussion relating to Hamlet. Fortunately Mendès was saved by his wife and his doctor, or rather by his astonishingly strong constitution. He is over sixty years of age and he has a little *abusé de la vie;* he received a few inches of steel in his abdomen, and yet he will be out again soon, as though it was nothing more than a pin prick!

Some attention has been paid to men who have been dead quite a while. To Beaumarchais first, in order to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of his death. The Théâtre Français gave for the occasion a special matinée performance of his masterpiece, *Le Mariage de Figaro.* Then to Balzac, who was born a few days after Beaumarchais's death, on May 20, 1799. The dramatist had homage paid him in Paris, where his play of *Mercadet* was revived. At the same time the public was given an occasion to see an unfinished play of his, only one act of which was ever written, *Orgon,* a continuation of Molière's *Tartufe.* The manuscript of this literary relic belongs to the celebrated Belgian collector of autographs, Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, who loaned it for the occasion to the Maison de Molière. The dramatist was eulogised in his native city, in Tours, and by no less a person than Brunetière. The celebrated critic's lecture was a panegyric from beginning to end. He praised even Balzac's style. There is food for discussion in more than one of Brunetière's utterances on the subject; there can be, however, but one voice on the marvellous construction of his lecture. It is a beautiful work of art, a splendid homage from critical to creative genius.

For all that, we do not know yet when the author of the *Comédie Humaine* is to have his statue. Rodin had made one, which, after much discussion, was rejected by the committee in charge; now Falguière's statue, where Balzac is represented seated, has also been rejected, probably through the efforts of Rodin's supporters. The two sculptors, though, are great friends, and Rodin exhibits in the Salon a superb bust of Falguière.

To return to Balzac, a motion has just been made in the Chamber of Deputies to have his remains removed to the Pantheon, where Victor Hugo was buried in 1885. The motion was well received, but its scope was at once enlarged, and it is now proposed to shelter under Soufflot's dome not only Balzac, but also Lamartine, Michelet and Quinet,

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thus turning, at last, the Pantheon into what the revolutionary assemblies wished it to be, a French Westminster Abbey.

Before taking leave of Balzac I have yet to mention the publication in book form of the first series of his *Lettres à l'Etrangère* (1833-1842), first published by instalments in the *Revue de Paris*. We have another interesting love correspondence, the letters of Michelet to Mademoiselle Mialaret, who became his second wife. The correspondence began when the young lady occupied the position of governess in Princess Cantacuzène's family, in Vienna. She had been a devout Catholic, and was greatly disturbed by Michelet's book, *Le Prêtre, la Femme et la Famille*. She opened her mind to him, and the heart soon followed the mind. The volume is the fortieth and concluding one of the new and complete edition of Michelet's works.

Another treat of the same kind, but richer still, perhaps, is promised us for next November—namely, the love letters written by Victor Hugo to Adèle Foucher before they were married. It seems that the two young people were hardly ever allowed to be alone together, which was, moreover, according to French custom. So the poet took care to have long epistles ready, which in some way or other he managed to slip into the young lady's hands, and she kept them. And now posterity will be able to read and admire them. Before the volume is published, however, we are to have another addition to Hugo's posthumous works, the second volume of *Choses Vues;* it consists mostly of records of conversations and daily occurrences.

We find Balzac again among the forthcoming books. M. Cabanès is to publish soon a *Balzac ignoré,* which is said to be full of curious revelations. Other interesting announcements include a collection of selected articles from the *Portraits Littéraires* and the *Causeries du Lundi* of Sainte-Beuve, preceded by a very full and sympathetic biographical essay due to Gustave Lanson. It is likely to be the best study on Sainte-Beuve; what has been given thus far by Jules Levallois and Comte d'Haussonville is not of very great value. Alfred Fouillèe has almost ready *La France au Point de Vue Moral,* a sequel to his Psychology of the French People.

Numerous books of importance have lately appeared. Loti has just published a collection of essays, descriptions and short sketches, some of which had come out before in magazines, *Reflets sur la Sombre Route.* Among the novelists both the Margueritte and the Rosny brothers are out with books for the summer, *Le Poste des Neiges* by the former and *La Fauve* by the latter. Georges Ohnet gives us *Au Fond du Gouffre,* in which will be discovered an echo of the Dreyfus case. Pierre Véber's theme in *Les Couches Profondes* will also be found to be of great contemporary interest.

The publication of Zola's *Fécondité* in *feuilleton* has just begun.

Professor Crouslé, of the University of Paris, gives us the first two volumes of a very important work of literary history and criticism, *La Vie et les Œuvres de Voltaire.* It is the most important contribution to Voltaire studies since the publication of Desnoiresterres's great work.

In history proper we have an excellent book by Ernest Daudet, *Louis XVIII. et le Duc Décazes;* it is worth taking up immediately after reading the *1815* of Henry Houssaye.

To the very few historical studies relating to the countries of the Far East will now have to be added the *Essai sur l'Histoire du Japon* of the Marquis de la Mazelière.

The Eastern countries of classical antiquity are exhaustively treated in Maspero's great *Histoire Ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient,* the third and concluding volume of which is now appearing in instalments.

From the new school in literature we have two publications of real importance. One is the first complete edition of Stéphane Mallarmé's poems. It is not issued in France, but in Belgium. The publisher is Félicien Rops, of Brussels. The other is a theoretical work by Rémy de Gourmont, *Esthétique de la Langue Française.*

We have also a new answer to Demolins's now celebrated Anglo-Saxon superiority; the title is *A Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Français sur les Anglo-Saxons;* the author's name is Arnold.

As foretold by me, Paul Deschanel was elected a member of the French Academy, as the successor of Édouard Hervé.

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He won in the second ballot. His chief competitor was René Bazin. Zola had one vote, very likely not Brunetière's, in the first ballot.

The Lavedan trouble, which I mentioned in my last article, has been settled. The mention of the author's membership in the French Academy has disappeared from the play-bills of *Le Vieux Marcheur*. It is rumoured, however, that the matter will be mentioned by Marquis Costa de Beauregard when he answers Lavedan's reception speech.

In the theatres the most important events have been the performances of Donnay's *Le Torrent* at the Théâtre Français, about which Sarcey wrote his last *feuilleton*, and of *Hamlet*, with Sarah Bernhardt in the title part, in her own theatre. *Le Torrent* is a clever and witty, though somewhat sombre, play. But what a strange subject! As to having it performed in New York, it is perfectly impossible.

The version of *Hamlet* played by Sarah is much closer to the English text than any ever given in France. Its authors, Eugène Morand and Marcel Schwob, reproduce even the long title of the original *La Tragique Histoire de Hamlet, Prince de Danemark*. Sarah's success was very great, and was shared by the Ophelia, Marthe Mellot.

Sarcey has a successor as "Lundiste" of *Le Temps;* it is Gustave Larroumet.

Adolphe Cohn.

BALLADE OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS

Where chimneys streak the city air,
And garrets hide the poet's shame,
Where cold and hunger and despair
Do all their best to quench the flame,
Where genius goes ill-shod and lame,
And has to borrow of a friend,
Where creditors its spirit tame,
Of making books there is no end.

When spring has sought the meadows fair,
And starveling rhymsters do the same,
When summer lays her bosom bare,
And scribes woo each a sylvan dame,
When autumn comes our toil to claim,
And bookmen all her call attend,
When winter chills the stoutest frame,
Of making books there is no end.

While we too little often dare,
And oftentimes too high we aim,
While flattery shall spread her snare,
And carping critics rend and maim,
While still he lies who overcame,
And knows not men his work commend,
While all too late comes praise or blame,
Of making books there is no end.

Youth that on high wouldst write thy name
In fairest letters ever penned,
Seek art alone, not passing fame,
Of making books there is no end.

John Curtis Underwood.

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JANICE MEREDITH*

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

XVI.

THE VALUE OF A FRIEND.

As the sun rose on the following morning Brereton came cantering up to headquarters.

"Is his Excellency gone?" he demanded of the sentry, and received reply that Washington had ridden away toward the south ten minutes before. Leaving his horse with the man, the aide ran into the house and returned in a moment with a great hunk of corn bread and two sausages in his hand. Springing into the saddle, he set off at a rapid trot, munching voraciously as he rode.

"Steady, dear lass," he remarked to the mare. "If you make me lose any of this cake I'll never forgive you, Janice."

Fifteen minutes served to bring the officer to a group of horsemen busy with field-glasses. Riding into their midst he saluted, and said: "The Maryland regiments are in position, your Excellency." Then falling a little back, he looked out over the plain stretched before them. Barely had he taken in the two Continental regiments lying "at ease" half-way down the heights on which he was, and the line of their pickets on the level ground, when three companies of red-coated light infantry debouched from the woods that covered the corresponding heights to the southward. As the pickets fell back on their supports the British winded their bugles triumphantly, sounding not a military order, but the fox-hunting "stole away"—a blare intended to show their utter contempt for the Americans.

Washington's cheeks flushed as the derisive notes came floating up the hills, and he pressed his lips together in an attempt to hide the mortification the insult cost him. "They do not intend we shall forget yesterday," he said.

"We'll pay them dear for the insult yet," cried Brereton hotly.

"'Tis a point gained that they think us beneath contempt," muttered Grayson; "for that is half-way to beating them."

"Colonel Reed, order three companies of Weedon's and Knowlton's rangers to move along under cover of the woods, and endeavour to get in the rear of their main party," directed the commander-in-chief, after a moment's discussion with Generals Greene and Putnam. "As you know the ground, guide them yourself."

"Plague take his luck!" growled Brereton.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tilghman jeeringly. "Some of us have hands to kiss and some regiments to fight. Quotha! The general thinks 'twould be a pity to spot those modish buskins and gloves, Brereton. So much for thy dandyism."

"Colonel Brereton," said the general, "order the two Maryland regiments to advance in support of Knowlton."

Brereton saluted, and, as he wheeled, touched his thumb to his nose at Tilghman. "You are dished," he whispered. "The general is too well dressed a man himself to misjudge a man because he tries to keep neat and *à la mode*."

A quarter of an hour later, as battalions of Griffith's and Richard's regiments advanced under guidance of Brereton, the sharpness of the volleys in their front showed that the fighting was begun; and in response to his order, they broke into double-quick time. Once out of the timber, it was to find the Connecticut rangers scattered in small groups wherever cover was to be had, but pouring in a hot fire at the enemy, who had been reinforced materially.

"Damn them!" cried Brereton. "Will they never fight except under cover?" Louder he shouted: "Forward! Charge them, boys!" The order given, he rode toward the rangers. "Where's your colonel?" he shouted.

"Dead," cried one, "and there's no one to tell us what to do."

"Do?" roared the aide. "Get out from behind that cover, and be damned to you. Show that Connecticut doesn't always skulk. Come on!"

A cheer broke out, and, without even stop-

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ping to form, the men went forward, driving the enemy into the woods for shelter, and then forcing them through it. The fire of the British slackened as they fell back, and when new Continental troops appeared on their right flank as well the retreat became almost a rout.

"We'll drive them the length of the island," yelled Brereton, frantic with excitement, as the men went clambering up the rocks after the flying enemy.

"Colonel Brereton, his Excellency directs you to call in the regiments to their former position," shouted Grayson, cantering up.

Brereton swore forcibly before he galloped among the men, and even after they, in obedience to his orders, had fallen back slowly and taken up their original position, he growled to the aide as they began the ascent, "I'm sick of this overcaution, Grayson! What in—"

"The general was right," asserted Grayson. "Look there." He pointed over the treetops that they had now risen above to where columns of Royal Highlanders and Hessian Yagers were hastening forward at double-quick. "You would have had a sharp skimper-scamper hadst been allowed to go another half smile.

"'Tis too bad, though," sighed the young officer, "that when the men will fight they have to be checked."

"Be thankful you did your double-quick in the cool of the morning, and are done with it. Lord! it makes me sweat just to see the way they are hurrying those poor Yagers. 'Tis evident we've given them a real scare."

Upon reaching the top of the height Brereton rode forward to where Washington still stood. "I tried to have the 'stole away' sounded, your Excellency," he said exultingly, "but those who knew it were so out of breath chasing them that there was not a man to wind it."

Washington's eyes lighted up as he smiled at the enthusiasm of the young fellow. "At least you may be sure that they had less wind than you, for they ran farther. They've had the best reply to their insult we could give them."

"Thet there fox they wuz gwine tu hunt did a bit of huntin' hisself," chuckled Putnam.

"They are still falling back on their supports," remarked Greene. "Evidently there is to be no more fighting to-day."

"They've had their bellyful, I guess," surmised Putnam.

"Then they're better off than I am," groaned Brereton. "I could eat an ox."

When the fact became obvious that the British had no intention of renewing their intended attack, a general move was made toward quarters, and as they rode Brereton pushed up beside Washington and talked with him for a moment.

The commander ended the interview by nodding his head. "Colonel Tilghman," he ordered, as Brereton dropped behind, "ride on to announce our coming; also present my compliments to Mr. Meredith and bespeak his company and that of his ladies to dinner."

Mrs. Meredith and Janice, not having gone to bed till after one the previous night, slept until they were wakened by the distant firing, and when they had dressed and descended it was to find headquarters practically deserted, save for the squire and a corporal's guard. At the suggestion of the servant who gave them breakfast, they climbed to the cupola of the house, but the only signs they could see of the skirmish were the little clouds of smoke that rose above the trees and the distant advance of the British reinforcements. Presently even these ceased or passed from view, and then succeeded what Janice thought a very "mopish" two hours, terminated at last by the arrival of the aide with his invitation, which sent her to her room for a little extra prinking.

"If I had only worn my lutestring," she sighed. Her toilet finished—and the process had been lengthened by the trembling of her hands—Janice descended falteringly to go through the hall to the veranda. In the doorway she paused, really taken aback by the number of men grouped about on the grass; and she stood there, with fifty eyes turned upon her, the picture of embarrassment, hesitating whether to run away and hide.

"Come hither, child," called her mother; and Janice, with a burning face and down-turned eyes, sped to her side. "This is my daughter Janice, your Excellency," she told the tall man with whom she had been speaking.

"Indeed, madam," said Washington, bowing politely over the girl's hand, and then looking her in the face with pleasure. "My staff has had quite danger enough this morning without my subjecting them to this new menace. However, being lads of spirit, they will only blame me if I seek to spare them. Look at the eagerness of the lads for the engagement," he added with a laugh, as he turned to where the youngsters were idling about within call.

"Oh, your Excellency!" gasped Janice, "I—I—please mayn't I talk to you?"

"Janice!" reproved her mother.

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"Oh! I didn't mean that, of course," faltered the girl. "'Twas monstrous bold, and I only wanted—"

"Nay, my child," corrected the general. "Let an old man think it was intended. Mrs. Meredith, if you'll forgive the *pas,* I'll glad General Greene with the privilege of your hand to the table, while the young lady honours me with hers. Never fear for me, Miss Janice," he added, smiling; "the young rascals will be in a killing mood, but they dare not challenge their commander. There, I'll spare thy blushes by joking thee no more. I hope you were not greatly discomforted in your accommodation?" he asked, as they took their seats at the long table under the tent on the lawn.

"No, indeed, your Excellency. One of thy staff—I know not his name, but the one who questioned dadda—was vastly polite, and gave his room to us."

"That was Colonel Brereton—the beau of my family. Look at him there! Wouldst think the coxcomb was in the charge this morning?"

Janice for the first time found courage to raise her eyes, and glance along what to her seemed a sea of men's faces, till they settled on the person Washington indicated. Then she gave so loud an exclamation of surprise that every one looked at her. Conscious of this, she was once more seized with stage fright, and longed to slip from her chair and hide herself under the table.

"What startled thee, my child?" asked the general.

"Oh—he—nothing—" she gasped. "Who—what didst thou say was his name?"

"John Brereton."

"Oh," was all Janice replied, as she drew a long breath."

"'Twill ne'er do to let him know you've honoured him by particular notice," remarked the commander; "for both at Boston and New York the ladies have pulled caps for him to such an extent that 'tis like he'll grow so fat with vanity that he'll soon be unable to sit his horse."

"Is—is he a Virginian, your Excellency?"

"No. 'Tis thought he's English, but he'll tell nothing of himself, so my family inform me."

Janice longed to ask more questions, but did not dare, and as the bottle passed, the conversation became general, permitting her to become a listener. When the moment came for the ladies to withdraw, she followed her mother.

"Oh, mommy!" she said the instant she could, "didst recognise Charles?"

"Charles! What Charles?"

"Charles Fownes—our bond-servant—Colonel Brereton."

"Nonsense, child! What maggot idea have you got now?"

"'Tis he truly—and I never thought he could be handsome. But his being clean-shaven and wearing a wig—"

"No more of your silly clack!" ordered her mother. "A runaway bond-servant on his Excellency's staff, quotha! Though he does head the rebels, General Washington is a man of breeding and would never allow that."

Before the men rose from the table the ladies were joined by Washington and Mr. Meredith.

"I have already expressed my regrets to your husband, Mrs. Meredith," said the general, "that a suspicion against him should have put you all to such material discomfort, and I desire to repeat them to you. Yet however greatly I mourn the error for your sake, for my own it is somewhat balanced by the pleasure you have afforded me by your company. Indeed, 'tis with a certain regret that I received Colonel Brereton's report, which, by completely exonerating Mr. Meredith, is like to deprive us of your presence."

"Your Excellency is over-kind," replied Mrs. Meredith, with an ease that excited the envy of her daughter.

"The general has ordered a barge for us, my dear," said the squire, "and 'tis best that we get across the river while there's daylight, if we hope to be back at Greenwood by to-morrow evening."

Farewells were promptly made, and, under the escort of Major Gibbs, they set out for the river. Once in the boat Janice launched into an ecstatic eulogium on the commander-in-chief.

"Ay," assented Mr. Meredith, "the general's a fine man in bad company. 'Tis a mortal shame to think he's like to come to the gallows."

"Dadda! No!"

"Yes. They put a bold face on't, but after yesterday's defeat they can't hold the island another week, and when they lose it the rebellion is split, and that's an end to't. 'Twill be all over in a month, mark me."

Janice pulled a very serious face for a moment, and then asked: "Didst notice Colonel Brereton, dadda?"

"Ay. And a polite man he is. He not merely had us released, but I have in my pocket a protection from the general he got for me."

"Didst not recognise him?"

"Recognise? Who? What?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Janice.

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XVII.

FREEDOM IN RETROGRADE.

The departure of the Merediths for headquarters under arrest had set Brunswick agog, and all sorts of surmises as to their probable guilt and fate had given the gossips much to talk of; their return, three days later, not merely unpunished, but with a protection from the commander-in-chief, set the village clacks still more industriously at work. Events were moving so rapidly, however, that local affairs were quickly submerged. News of Washington's abandonment of the island of New York and retreat into Westchester, pursued by Howe's army, of the capture of Fort Washington and its garrison, of the evacuation of Fort Lee, of the steady dwindling of the Continental Army by the expiration of the terms of enlistment, and still more by wholesale desertions, reached the little community in various forms. But interesting though all this was for discussion at the tavern of an evening, or to fill in the vacant hour between the double service on a Sunday, it was still too distant to seem quite real, and so the stay-at-home farmers peacefully completed the getting in of their harvests, while the housewives baked and spun as of yore, both conscious of the conflict more through the gaps in the village society, caused by the absences of their more belligerently inclined neighbours, than from the actual clash of war.

The absent ones, it is needless to say, were the doughty warriors of the Invincibles, who had been called into service along with the rest of the New Jersey militia when Howe's fleet had anchored in the bay of New York three months before, and who had since formed part of the troops defending the towns of Amboy and Elizabethport, but a few miles away, from the possible descents of the British forces lying on Staten Island. This arrangement not only spared them from all active service, thus saving the parents and wives of Brunswick from serious anxiety, but also permitted frequent home visits, with or without furlough, thus supplying the town with its chief means of news.

An end came, however, to this period of quiet. Early in November vague rumours, growing presently to specific statements, told the villagers that their day was approaching. The British troops on Staten Island were steadily reinforced; the small boats of the line-of-battle ships and frigates were gathered opposite Amboy and Paulus Hook; large supplies of forage and cattle were massed at various points. Everything betokened an intended descent of the Royal army into New Jersey; that the State was at last to meet the trial of "blood and iron."

The successive defeats of the Continental army wonderfully cooled many of the townspeople who but a few months before had vigorously applauded the glowing lines of the Declaration of Independence, when it had been read aloud to them from the pulpit one Sunday morning in July by the Rev. Mr. McClave. One of the first evidences of this alteration of outward manner, if not of inward faith, was shown in the sudden change adopted by the community toward the household of Greenwood. When the squire had departed in custody he apparently possessed not one friend in Brunswick, but within a month of his return the villagers, the parson excepted, were making bows to him, in the growing obsequiousness of which might be inferred the growing desperation of the Continental cause. Yet another indication was the appearance of certain of the Invincibles, who came straggling sheepishly into town one by one—"Just ter see how all the folks wuz"—and who, for reasons they kept more private, failed to rejoin their company after having satisfied their curiosity. Most incriminating of all, however, was the return of Bagby from the session of the Legislature then being held in Princeton, and his failure to go to Amboy to take command of his once gloried-in company.

"'Twouldn't be right to take the orderin' away from Zerubbabel just when there's a chance for fightin', after he's done the work all summer," was the captain's explanation of his conduct; and though his townsmen may have suspected another motive, they were all too bent on staying at home themselves, and were too busy taking in sail on the possibility of having to go about on another tack, to question his explanation.

If the mountain would not go, Mahomet would come, and one evening late in November, while the wind whistled and the rain beat outside the "Continental Tavern," as it was now termed, the occupants of the public room suddenly ceased from the plying of glasses and pipes, upon the hurried entrance of a man.

"The British is comin'!" he bellowed, bringing every man to his feet by the words.

"How duz yer know?" demanded Squire Hennion.

"I wuz down ter the river ter see if my boat wuz tied fast enuf ter stand the blow an' I hearn the tramp of snogers comin' across the bridge."

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"The bridge!" shouted Bagby. "Then they must be— Swamp it! there isn't more than time enough to run."

Clearly he spoke truly, for even as he ended his sentence the still unclosed door was filled by armed men. A cry of terror broke from the tavern frequenters, but in another moment this was exchanged for others of relief and welcome, when man after man entered and proved himself to be none other than an Invincible.

"How, now, Leftenant Buntling?" demanded Bagby, in an attempt to regain his dignity. "What is the meaning of this return without orders?"

"The British landed a swipe o' men at Amboy this mornin', makin' us fall back mighty quick ter Bonumtown, an' there, arter the orficers confabulated, it wuz decided thet ez the bloody-backs wuz too strong ter fight, the militia and the flyin' camp thereabouts hed better go home an' look ter their families. An' so we uns come off with the rest."

"You mean to say," asked Joe, "that you didn't strike one blow for freedom; didn't fire one shot at the tools of the tyrant?"

"Oh, cut it, Joe," growled one of the privates. "Thet 'ere talk duz fer the tavern and fer election times, but it 'tain't worth a darn when ye've marched twenty miles on an empty stomick. Set the drinks up fer us, or keep quiet."

"That I will for you all," responded Bagby, "an' what's more, the whole room shall tipple at my expense."

No more drinks were ordered, however; for a second time the occupants of the room were startled by the door being thrown open quickly to give entrance to a man wrapped in a riding cloak, but whose hat and boots both bespoke the officer.

"Put your house in readiness for General Washington and his staff, landlord," the newcomer ordered sharply. "They will be here shortly, and will want supper and lodgings." He turned in the doorway and called: "Get firewood from where you can, Colonel Hand, and kindle beacon fires at both ends of the bridge, to light the wagons and the rest of the forces; throw out patrols on the river road both to north and south, and quarter your regiment in the village barns." Then he added in a lower voice to a soldier who stood holding a horse at the door: "Put Janice in the church shed, Spalding; rub her down, and see to it that she gets a measure of oats and a bunch of fodder." He turned and strode to the fire, his boots squelching as he walked, as if in complaint at their besoaked condition. Hanging his hat upon the candle hook on one side of the chimney breast and his cloak on the other, he stood revealed a well-dressed officer, in the uniform of a Continental colonel.

It had taken the roomful a moment to recover their equipoise, after the fright, but now Squire Hennion spoke up:

"So ye're retreatin' sum more, hey?"

The officer, who had been facing the fire in an evident attempt to dry and warm himself, faced about sharply: "Retreat!" he answered bitterly. "Can you do anything else with troops who won't fight; who in the most critical moment desert by fifties, by hundreds, ay, by whole regiments? Six thousand men have left us since we crossed into Jersey. A brigade of your own troops—of the State we had come to fight for—left us yesterday morning, when news came that Cornwallis was advancing upon our position at Newark. What can we do but retreat?"

"Well, may I be dummed!" ejaculated Bagby, "if it isn't Squire Meredith's runaway bondsman, an' dressed as fine as a fivepence!"

The officer laughed scornfully. "Ay," he assented. "'Tis the fashion of the land to run away, so 'tis only *à la mode* that bondsmen and slaves should imitate their betters."

"Yer needn't mount us Americans so hard, seein' as yer took mortal good care ter git in the front ranks of them az wuz retreatin'," asserted an Invincible.

"I undertook to guide the retreat, because I knew the roads of the region," retorted the officer hotly, evidently stung by the remark; then he laughed savagely and continued: "And how comes it, gentlemen all, that you are not gloriously serving your country? Cornwallis, with nine thousand picked infantry, is but a twenty miles to the northward; Knyphausen and six thousand Hessians landed at Perth Amboy this morning, and would have got between us and Philadelphia but for our rapid retreat. Canst sit and booze yourself with flip and swizzle when there are such opportunities for valour? Hast forgotten the chorus you were forever singing?" Brereton sang out with spirit:

"In Freedom we're born, and, like sons of the brave,
Will never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive, if unable to save."

"'Tain't no good fightin' when we han't a general," snarled Bagby.

"Now damn you for a pack of dirty, low-minded curs!" swore the officer, his face blaz-

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ing with anger. "Here you've a general who is risking life, and fortune, and station; and then you blame him because he cannot with a handful of raw troops defeat thirty thousand regulars. There's not a general in Europe—not the great Frederick himself—who'd so much as have tried to make head against such odds, much less have done so much with so little. After a whole summer's campaign what have the British to show? They've gained the territory within gunshot of their fleet; but at White Plains, though they were four to one, they dared not attack us, and valiantly turned tail about, preferring to overrun undefended country to assaulting our position. I tell you, General Washington is the honestest, bravest, most unselfish man in the world, and you are a pack of—"

"Are my quarters ready, Colonel Brereton?" asked a tall man, standing in the doorway.

"This way, yer Excellency," obsequiously cried the landlord, catching up a candle and coming out from behind the bar. "I've set apart our settin'-room, and our bestest room—thet 'ere with the tester bed—for yer honourable Excellency."

"Come with me, Colonel Brereton," ordered the general, as he followed the publican.

Motioning the tavern-keeper out of the room, Washington threw aside his wet cloak and hat, and taking from a pocket what looked like a piece of canvas, he unfolded and spread it out on the table, revealing a large folio map of New Jersey.

"You know the country," he said; "show me where the Raritan can be forded."

"Here, here and here," replied Brereton, indicating with his finger the points. "But this rain to-night will probably so swell it that there'll be no crossing for come a two days."

"Then if we destroy the bridge Cornwallis cannot cross for the present?"

"No, your Excellency. But if 'tis their policy to again try to outflank us, they'll send troops from Staten Island by boat to South Amboy; and by a forced march through Monmouth they can seize Princeton and Trenton, while Cornwallis holds us here."

"'Tis evident, then, that we can make no stand except at the Delaware, should they seek to get in our rear. Orders must be sent to secure all the boats in that river, and to—"

A knock at the door interrupted him, and in reply to his "Come in," an officer entered, and, saluting, said hurriedly: "General Greene directs me to inform your Excellency that word has reached him that a brigade of the New Jersey militia have deserted and have seized and taken with them the larger part of the baggage train. The commissary reports that the stores saved will barely feed the forces one day more."

Washington stood silent for a moment. "I will send a message back to General Greene by you presently. In the meantime join my family, who are supping, Major Williams." Then, when the officer had left the room, the commander sat down at the table and rested his head on his hand, as if weary. "Such want of spirit and fortitude, such disaffection and treachery, show the game to be pretty well up," he muttered to himself.

Brereton, who had fallen back at the entrance of the aide, once more came to the table. "Your Excellency," he said, "we are but losing the fair-weather men, who are really no help, and what is left will be tried troops and true."

"Left to starve!"

"This is a region of plenty. But give me the word, and in one day I'll have beef and corn enough to keep the army for a three months."

"They refuse to sell for Continental money."

"Then impress."

"It must come to that, I fear. Yet it will make the farmers enemies to the cause."

"No more than they are now, I wot," sneered the aide. "And if you leave them their crops 'twill be but for them to sell them to the British. 'Tis a war necessity."

Washington rose, the moment's discouragement already conquered and his face set determinedly. "Give orders to Hazlett and Hand to despatch foraging parties at dawn, to seize all cattle, pigs, corn, wheat or flour they may find, save enough for the immediate necessities of the people, and to impress horses and wagons in which to transport them. Then join us at supper."

Brereton saluted, and turned, but, as he did so, Washington again spoke:

"I overheard what you were saying in the public room, Brereton," he said. "Some of my own aides are traducing me in secret; are making favour with other generals by praising them and criticising me, against the possibility that I may be superseded. But I learned that I have one faithful man."

"Ah, your Excellency," impulsively cried the young officer, starting forward, "it's a worthless life—which brought disgrace to mother, to father, and to self, but what it is, is yours."

"Thank you, my boy," replied Washington, laying his hand affectionately on Brereton's

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shoulder. "As you say, 'tis a time which winnows the chaff from the wheat. I thank God he has sent some wheat to me." And there were tears in the general's eyes as he spoke.

XVIII.

NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAWS.

While the family of Greenwood were still at the breakfast-table on the following morning they were startled by a shriek from the kitchen, and then by Peg and Sukey bursting into the room where they sat.

"Oh, marse," gasped the cook, "de British!"

Both the squire and Janice sprang to the windows, to see a file of soldiers, accompanied by a mounted officer, drawn up at the rear of the house. As they took this in, the line broke into squads, one of which marched toward the stable, a second toward the barn, while the third disappeared round the corner of the house. With an exclamation the squire hurried to the kitchen, and intrenched himself in the door just as the party reached it.

"Who are ye, and by what right do ye trespass on my property?" he demanded.

"Git out of the way, ole man," ordered the sergeant. "We hev orders ter take a look at yer storeroom and cellar, an' we han't got no time to argify."

"Ye'll not get into my cellar, that I can tell—" began the squire, but his remark ended in a howl of pain, as the officer dropped the breech of his musket heavily on the squire's toes. The agony was sufficient to make the owner of Greenwood collapse into a sitting position on the upper step and fall to nursing the injured member.

Janice, who had followed her father into the kitchen, sprang forward with a cry of sympathy and fright, just as the mounted officer, who had heard the squire's yell, came trotting round the corner.

"No violence, sergeant," he called sternly.

"Not a bit, sir," replied the aggressor. "One of the boys happened ter drop his muskit on the old gentleman's corns, an' I was apologisin' fer his carelessness."

"You dreadful liar!" cried Janice hotly, turning from her attempted comforting of the squire. "He did it on—oh!"

She had abruptly ended her speech as the mounted officer uncovered and bowed to her, and the "oh!" was spoken as she recognised him. "Charles! Colonel Brereton!" the girl exclaimed.

"Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Meredith, coming to the door. "Hoighty toighty, if it isn't!"

"I am very sorry that we are compelled to impress food, Mrs. Meredith," said the aide, "but as it is useless to resist I trust you will not make the necessity needlessly unpleasant."

"Ye are a pack of ruffians and thieves!" cried the squire.

"Nay, Mr. Meredith," answered the aide quietly, "we pay for it."

"In paper money that won't be worth a penny in the pound, come a month."

"That remains to be seen," responded the officer.

"'Tis quite of a piece that a runaway redemptioner should return with other thieves and rob his master!" fumed the owner of Greenwood.

Brereton grew red, and retorted: "I am not in command of this force, and rode out with them at some sacrifice to save you from possible violence or unnecessary discomfort. Since you choose to insult me I will not remain. Do your duty, sergeant," was the officer's parting injunction as he wheeled his horse and started toward the road.

"Stick him with yer bagonet, Pelatiah," ordered the sergeant, motioning toward the squire, who, still sitting in the doorway, very effectually blocked the way. Pelatiah, duly obedient, pricked the well-developed calf of the master of Greenwood, bringing that individual to his feet with another howl, which drew sympathetic shrieks from Mrs. Meredith and Janice.

Evidently the cries made it impossible for Colonel Brereton to hold to his intention, for he once again turned his horse and came riding back. By the time he reached the door the squire had been shoved to one side, and the men could be heard ransacking the larder and cellar none too quietly.

"Though you slight my services," the aide explained, "I'll bide for the present."

Meanwhile the parties that had been detached to the other points could be seen harnessing oxen and horses to the hay cart, farm wagons, and even the big coach, and loading them from the corn-crib and barn. Presently the cortège started for the house, and here more stores of various kinds were loaded.

During the whole of this operation the squire kept busily expressing his opinions of the proceedings of the foragers, of the army to which they belonged, and of the Continental cause generally, which, but for the presence of the staff-officer, would have probably led to his ducking in the horse trough, or to some other expression of the party's displeasure.

"I see ye take good care to steal all my

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horses, so that I shall not be able to ride to Brunswick and report ye to the commander," he railed, just as the last armful of hams and sides of bacon was thrown into the coach. "We heard tales of how ye robbed and plundered about York, unbeknownst to the general, and I've no doubt ye are thieving now without his knowledge."

"If you want to get to Brunswick you shall have a lift," offered the aide. "We'll drive you there, and I'll see to it that you have a horse to bring you back."

"Ay. And leave my wife and daughter to be outraged by you villainous Whigs."

Again Brereton lost his temper. "I challenge you to prove one case of our army insulting a woman," he cried. "And hast heard of the doings of the last few days? Of the conduct of British soldiers to the women of Hackensack and Elizabethtown, or of the brutality of the Hessians at Rahway? At this very moment Mr. Collins is printing for us broadsides of the affidavits of the poor miserable victims, in the hopes that we can rouse the country by them."

"'Tis nothing but a big Whig clanker, I'll be bound!" snorted Mr. Meredith.

"I would for the sake of manhood they were!" said the officer. "I was once proud to be a British soldier—" he checked himself sharply, and then went on: "If you fear for Mrs. Meredith and Miss Janice, take them with you. I'll see to it that you all return in comfort."

Although the squire had no particular fear of the safety of his womankind, he did not choose to confess it after what he had said, and so, without more ado, his wife and daughter were ordered to don their calashes and cloaks. Then the odd-looking caravan, of five vehicles, nine cows and four squealing pigs, started; Mrs. Meredith and Janice and the squire seated on the box of the coach, while the driver bestrode one of the horses.

The excitement of the drive was delightful to Janice, and it was not lessened by what she heard. The aide rode beside the coach, and at first tried to engage her in conversation, but the girl was too shy and self-conscious to talk easily to him, and so it ended in chat between the officer and Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, in which he told of how he had secured his position on the staff of the general, and gave an outline history of the siege of Boston, the campaigning about New York, and the retreat to Brunswick.

"I knew the rake-hells 'ud never fight," asserted the squire at one point.

"Like all green troops, they object to discipline, and have shown cowardice in the face of the enemy. But the British would not dare say as much as you say, after the lessons they've had. The fault is mainly with the officers, who, by the system of election, are chiefly politicians and popularity-seekers, not fit to black boots, much less command companies and regiments. Here in this town, the life was sapped out of the Invincibles by their own officers, but the parson went among the men this morning, and the best of them formed a new company under him and enlisted for the year. And those who helped me take the powder to Cambridge volunteered, and have proved good men. All they need are good officers to make them good soldiers."

"What did ye do with Mr. Evatt?" demanded the squire, his mind recalled to the subject by the allusion to the powder, and Janice hastily caught hold of the fore-string of her calash to pull the headgear forward so that her face should be hidden from the aide. Yet she listened to the reply with an attentive if red face.

"Our kidnapping of him not being easy to justify, I did not choose to take him to Cambridge, and so, when we spoke a brig outside Newport, bound for Madeira, I e'en bargained his passage on her. 'Tis naturally the last I ever heard of him." And then poor Janice had to hear her father and mother express their thanks to the officer, and berate the runaway pair; and the painful subject was abandoned only when they drove into Brunswick, where its interest could not compete with that of the masses of soldiers camped on the green, the batteries of artillery planted along the river front, the troops and carts hurrying across the bridge, and the general hurly-burly everywhere.

"You had best sit where you are, ladies," the aide remarked, "for the inn is full of men;" and the two accepted his suggestion, and from their coign of vantage surveyed the scene, while the squire, tumbling off the wagon, demanded word with the commander-in-chief.

"I'll tell him you wish speech with him," said Brereton, dismounting and going into the tavern.

It is only human when one is in misery to take a certain satisfaction in finding that misfortune is not a personal monopoly. While the squire waited to pour out his complaint he found farmer after farmer standing about with similar grievances, and greatly cheered by the misfortunes of his neighbours, he be

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came almost joyous when Squire Hennion, following a long line of carts loaded with his year's harvest, added himself to the scene, and with oaths and wails sought in turn to express his anger and misery.

"Tew rob a genuine Son o' Liberty," he whined, "ez hez allus stood by the cause! The general shall hear o't. I'm ruined. I'll starve. I'll—"

"Ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Meredith heartily. "So sitting on both sides don't pay, eh? And a good serve out it is to ye, ye old trimmer. What! object to paper dollars, when ye are so warm a Whig. What if they are only worth two shillings in the pound, specie? Liberty forever! Ho, ho! This is worth the trip to Brunswick alone."

Colonel Brereton came out of the tavern with a paper in his hand, and called the squire aside.

"Mr. Meredith," he said in a low voice, his face eager, yet worn with anxiety, "I find that since I left camp this morning the rest of the New Jersey and all of the Maryland flying camps have refused to stay, and have left us, though Cornwallis's advance is at Piscataway, and as he is pushing forward by forced marches he will reach the Raritan within two hours."

"No doubt, no doubt," assented the squire gleefully. "Another week will put him in Philadelphia, and then ye rebels will dance for it. No wonder ye look scared, man."

"I am not scared on my own account," replied the officer bitterly. "A dozen bullets, whether in battle or standing blindfold against a white wall, are all the same to me. I'll take the gallows itself, if it comes, and say good quittance."

"Ay," grunted Mr. Meredith, "go on. Tip us a good touch of the heroics."

The aide smiled, but then went on anxiously: "But what I do fear, and why I tell you what I do, is for—for—for Mrs. Meredith and—The loss of this force leaves us barely three thousand men to fight Cornwallis's and Knyphausen's fifteen thousand. We shall burn the bridge within the hour, but that will only check them at best till the river falls, and so we must retreat to the Delaware."

"And how does this affect me?"

"Every hour brings us word of the horrible excesses of the British soldiery. No woman seems safe from— For God's sake, Mr. Meredith, don't remain here! But go with our army, and I'll pledge you my word you shall be safe, and as comfortable as it is in my power to make you."

"Tush! British officers never—"

"'Tis not the officers, but the common soldiers who straggle from the lines for plunder and—while the pigs of Hessians and Waldeckers, sold by their kings at so much per head, cannot be controlled, even by their own officers. See, here is the broadside of which I spoke. I have seen every affidavit, and swear to you that they are genuine. Don't—you can't risk such a fate for Mrs. Meredith or—" Brereton stopped, unable to say more, and thrust the paper he held in his hand into that of the squire.

"I'll have none of your Whig lies puffed on me!" persisted the squire obstinately.

The officer started to argue, but as he did so the gallop of a horse's feet was heard, and Colonel Laurens came dashing up. Throwing himself from the saddle he flung into the tavern; and that he brought important news was so evident that Brereton hurriedly left Mr. Meredith and followed. Barely a moment passed when aide after aide issued from the inn, and, mounting, spurred away in various directions. The results were immediate. The carts were hurriedly put in train and started southward on the Princeton post-road, smoke began to rise from the bridge, the batteries limbered up, and the regiments on the green fell in, and then stood at ease.

While these obvious preparations for a retreat were in progress a coloured man appeared, leading so handsome and powerful a horse that Janice, who had much of her father's taste, gave a cry of pleasure and, jumping from her perch, went forward to stroke the beast's nose.

"What a beauty!" she cried.

"Yes, miss, dat Blueskin," replied the darky, grinning proudly. "He de finest horse from de Mount Vernon stud, but he great villain, jus' de same. He so obstropolus when he hear de guns dat the gin'l kiant use him, an' has tu ride ole Nelson when dyars goin' tu be any fightin'."

Janice leaned forward and kissed the "great villain" on his soft nose, and then turned to find the general standing in the doorway watching her.

"I have not time to attend to your complaints, gentlemen," he announced to the two esquires and the group of farmers, all of whom started forward at his appearance. "File your statements and claims with the commissary-general, and in due time they'll receive attention." Then he came toward his horse, and as he recognised the not easily forgotten face he uncovered. "I trust Miss Janice re-

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members me!" he said, a smile succeeding the careworn look of the previous moment, and added: "Had ye been kind ye'd have kept that caress for the master."

Janice coloured, but replied, with a mixture of assurance and shyness: "Blueskin could not ask for it, but your Excellency—" Then she paused and coloured still more.

Washington laughed, and, stooping, kissed her hand. "Being a married man, must limit the amount of his yielding to temptation," he said, finishing the sentence for the girl. "I would I were to have the honour of your company at dinner once more, but your friends, the British, will not give us the time. So I must mount and say farewell."

Janice turned an eager face up to the general, as he swung himself into the saddle. "Oh, your Excellency," she exclaimed below her breath, "dadda would think it very wicked of me, but I hope you'll beat them!"

Washington's face lighted up, and, leaning over, he once more kissed her hand. "Thank you for the wish, my child," he said, and, giving Blueskin the spur, rode toward the river.

"If Philemon was only like his Excellency!" thought the girl.

XIX.

A CHECK TO THE ENEMY.

There followed a weary hour of waiting, while first the carts, then the artillery, and finally the few hundred ill-clad, weary men filed off on the post-road. Before the rear-guard had begun its march, British regiments could be discerned across the river, and presently a battery came trotting down to the opposite shore, and a moment later the guns were in position to protect a crossing. This accomplished, a battalion of light dragoons rode into the water and struck boldly across, a number of boats setting out at the same moment, each ladened with redcoats. While they were yet in mid-stream the Continental bugles sounded the retreat, and the last American regiment marched across the green and disappeared from view.

Owing to the fact that the coach had not been left with the wagons, but had been brought to the tavern door, the baggage-train had moved off without it—a circumstance, needless to say, which did not sadden the squire. It so happened that the vehicle had stopped immediately under the composite portrait sign-board of the inn, and no sooner was the last American regiment lost to view than the publican appeared, equipped with a paint-pot and brush, and muttering an apology to the owner of the coach, now seated beside his wife and daughter on the box, he climbed upon the roof and, by a few crude strokes, altered the lettering from "Gen. George the Good" into "King George the Good." But he did not attempt to change the firm chin and the strong forehead the bondman had added to the face.

Rarely was the operation finished when the British Light Horse came wading out of the water and cantered up the river road to the green, the uniforms flashing brilliantly, the harness jingling, and the swords clanking merrily.

"There are troops worth talking about," cried the squire enthusiastically.

He spoke too quickly, for the moment the "dismount" sounded, twenty men were about the coach.

"Too good horses for a damned American!" shouted one, and a dozen hands were unharnessing them on the instant. "A load of prog, boys!" gleefully shouted a second, and both doors were flung open, and the soldiers were quickly crowding each other in their endeavours to get a share. "Egad!" announced another, "but I'll have a buss and a tousel from yon lass on the box." "Well said!" cried a fourth, and both sprang on the wheel, as a first step to the attainment of their wishes.

Mr. Meredith, from the box, had been shrieking affirmations of his loyalty to King George without the slightest heed being paid to him, but there is a limit to passivity, and as the two men on the wheel struggled which should first gain the desired prize the squire kicked out twice with his foot in rapid succession, sending both disputants back into the crowd of troopers. Howls of rage arose on all sides, and it would have fared badly with the master of Greenwood had not the noise brought an officer up.

"Here, here!" he cried sharply, "what's all this pother about?"

"'Tis a damned Whig, who is—"

"A lie!" roared the squire. "There is no better subject of King George living than Lambert Meredith."

The officer jeered. "That's what every rebel claims of late. Not one breathes in the land, if you'd but believe the words of you turncoats.'

"It's not a lie," spoke up Janice, her face blazing with temper and her fists clinched as if she intended to use them. "Dadda always—"

"'Ho, ho!" exclaimed the officer, "what a pretty wench! Art a rebel, too? for if so, I'll see to it that guard duty falls to me. Come,

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black eyes, one kiss, and I'll send the men to right about."

Janice caught the whip from its socket and raised it threateningly, just as another officer from a newly arrived company came spurring up and, without warning, began to strike right and left with the flat of his sword. "Off with yer, yer damned rapscallions!" he shouted. "Leftenant Bromhead, where are yer manners?"

"And where are yours, Mr Hennion, that ye dare speak so to your superior officer?" demanded the lieutenant.

There was no mistaking Philemon, changed though he was. He wore a fashionable wig, and his clothes fitted well a figure that, once shambling and loose jointed, had now all the erectness of the soldier, but the face was unchanged.

"I'll not quarrel with yer now," swaggered Philemon. "If yer want to fight later I'm yer man, and if you want ter go before Colonel Harcourt with a complaint I'll face you. But now I've other matters." He turned to the trio on the box, and exclaimed as he doffed his hat: "Well, squire, didst ever expect sight of me again? And how do Mrs. Meredith and Janice? Stap my vitals, if I've seen such beauty since I left Brunswick," he added airily, and making Janice feel very much put out of countenance.

"Welcome, Philemon!" cried Mrs. Meredith, "and doubly welcome at such a moment."

"Ay," shouted the squire heartily. "Ye arrived just in the nick o' time to save your bride, Phil." A remark which sent the whip rattling to the ground from the hands of Janice. "An' thou a king's officer!" he ended. "Bubble your story to us, lad."

"There ain't much to tell as you don't know already. Sir William put no faith in the news I carried, thinking it but a Whig trick, and so they held me prisoner. But later, when 'twas too late ter use it, they learned the word I brought them was true; so they set me free, and as there was no getting away from Boston, the general gave me a cornetcy, that I should not starve."

"I'll lay to it that there'll be no more starvation now that ye're back home," cried the squire, "though betwixt your cheating old sire, who'll pay no interest on his mortgages, and the merchants gone bankrupt in York, and now this loss of harvest and stock, 'tis like Greenwood will show but a lean larder for a time. But mayhaps, now that ye're gone up in the world, ye'd like to cry off from the bargain?"

"But let me finish the campaign by capturing Philadelphia, and dispersing Washington's pack of peddlers and jailbirds, which won't take more than a fortnight, and then you can't name a day too soon fer me, an' I hope not fer your daughter. You can't call me gawk any longer, I reckon, Janice?"

"You came nigh to losing her, Phil," declared Mrs. Meredith.

"Ay," added the squire. "Hast heard of how that scoundrel Evatt schemed—"

"Oh, dadda!" moaned Janice imploringly.

"No scoundrel is he, squire, nor farmer neither; he bein' Lord Clowes," asserted Phil. "He joined our army at New York, and is Sir William's commissary-general and right-hand man."

A more effectual interruption than that of the girl's prevented Mr. Meredith from enlarging upon the theme, for the bugle sounded in quick succession the "assembly" and "boots and saddles."

"That calls me," announced Phil with an air of importance. "We ain't goin' ter give the runaways no rest, you see."

"But, Phil," cried the squire, "ye'll not leave us to be again— And they've stole Joggles and Daisy, and all my hams and sides. You must—"

"I can't bide now," called back the cornet, hurriedly taking his position just as the bugle called the marching order, and the battalion moved off after the retreating Continentals.

Helpless to move, the Merediths sat on their coach while an officer, accompanied by a file of soldiers and half a dozen drummers, took station at the Town Hall. First a broadside was posted on the bulletin-board, and the drums beat the "parley" long and loudly. Then the drummers and the file split into two parties, and, marching down the village street in opposite directions, the non-commissioned officers, to the beat of drum, shouted summons to all the population to assemble at the hall to take the oath of allegiance to "King George the Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth."

The first man to step forward to take the oath, sign the submission, and receive his pardon was the Hon. Joseph Bagby, erstwhile member of the Assembly of New Jersey, but now loudly declaring his loyalty to the crown, and his joy that "things were to be put in order again." The second signer was the publican; the third was Esquire Hennion; and after him came all the townsmen, save those who had thrown in their lot along with the

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parson that morning by marching off with Washington.

Mr. Meredith descended from his seat and waited his turn to go through what was to him a form, and during this time the ladies watched the troops being ferried across the river. Presently an officer rode up the river road, issuing orders to the regiments, which promptly fell in, while the rider halted at the tavern, announced the soon-to-be-expected arrival of Generals Howe and Cornwallis, and bade the landlord prepare his best cheer. While he spoke a large barge landed its burden of men and horses on the shore, and a moment later a dozen officers came trotting up to the tavern between lines of men with their guns at "present arms."

"What ho! Well met, friend Meredith," cried one of the newcomers, as the group halted at the tavern. "I was but just telling Sir William that the king had one good friend in Brunswick town, and now here he is!" Evatt, or Clowes, swung out of the saddle and extended his hand.

Although the squire had just recovered the whip dropped by Janice, he did not keep to his intention of laying it across the shoulders of the would-be abductor, but instead grasped the hand offered.

"Well met, indeed," he assented cordially. "'Tis a glad sight to us to see our good king's colours and troops."

"Sir William," called Clowes, "thou must know Mr. Lambert Meredith, first, because he's the one friend our king has in this town, and next, because, as your commissary, I forbid ye to dine at the tavern on the vile fried pork or bubble and squeak, and the stinking whiskey or rum ye'll be served with, and, in Mr. Meredith's name, invite you and his Lordship to eat a dinner at Greenwood, where ye'll have the best of victuals, washed down with Madeira fit for Bacchus."

"Ay," cried Mr. Meredith, "the rebels have done their best to bring famine to Greenwood, but it shall spread its best to any of his Majesty's servants."

"Here's loyalty indeed," said Sir William heartily, as he leaned in his saddle to shake the squire's hand. "Damn your rebel submissions and oaths, not worth the paper they're writ on; but good Madeira—that smacks loyal and true on a parched tongue and cannot swear false. Lead the way, Mr. Meredith, and we'll do as much justice to thy wine as later we'll do to Mr. Washington, if we can ever come up with him. Eh, Charles?"

The officer addressed, who was frowning, gave an impatient movement in the saddle that seemed to convey dissent. "Of what use was our forced march," he demanded, "if not to come up with the fox before he finds cover?"

"Nay, the rebels are so little hampered by baggage that they can outstrip all save our Light Horse. And because they have the legs of us is no reason for our starving ourselves; the further they run the more exhausted they'll be."

"Well argued," chimed in Evatt. "And your Excellency will find more at Greenwood than mere meat and drink. Come, squire, name thy lady and Miss Janice to Sir William. In playing quadrille to win, man, we never hold back the queens."

All the horsemen uncovered to the ladies, as they were introduced, and Howe uttered an admiring epithet as his eye fixed itself on the girl. "The Queen of Hearts scores, and the game is won," he cried. "Ho, Charles, art as hot for the rebels as thou wert a moment since?"

"I still think the Light Horse had best be pushed, and should be properly supported by the grenadiers."

"Nay, wait till Knyphausen comes up, and then we'll—"

"'Tis no time to play a waiting game."

"Tush! Lord Cornwallis," replied Sir William irritably. "The infantry have done their twenty miles to-day. I'll not jade my troops into the runaway state of the rebels. What use to kill our men, when the rebellion is collapsing of itself?" During all his argument the commander-in-chief kept his eyes fixed on Janice.

"I can't but think—" began the Earl.

"Come, come, man," interjected Howe, "we mustn't let the Whigs beat us by starvation. Must we, eh, Mr. Meredith?"

"'Twould be a sad end to all our hopes," assented the squire. "And while we have to do with rebels, let me point out to you the two most malignant in this town. There stand the precious pair who have done more to foment disloyalty than any other two men in the county." It is needless to say that Mr. Meredith was pointing at Squire Hennion and Bagby, who, more curiously than wisely, had lingered at the tavern.

"He lies!" and "'Tain't so!" shrieked Hennion and Bagby in unison, and each began protestations of loyalty, which were cut short by Sir William, who turned to Cornwallis and ordered the two under arrest, pending further information.

"Now we'll see justice," chuckled the master

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of Greenood gleefully. "If ye'll not pay interest on your debts I'll pay interest on mine —ay, and with a hangman's cord belike."

"But I signed a submission and oath, and here's my pardon," protested Bagby, producing the paper, an example that Hennion imitated.

"Damn Campbell's carelessness!" swore Howe. "He deals pardons as he would cards at piquet, by twos, without so much as a look at their faces. A glance at either would have shown both to be rapscallion Whigs. However, 'tis done, and not to be undone. Release them, but keep eye on each, and if they give the slightest cause, to the guardhouse with them. Now, Mr. Meredith."

"I must ask your Excellency's assistance to horse my coach, and his Majesty owes me a pair not easy to match, stole by your troops this very morning."

"Make note of it, Mr. Commissary, and see to it that Mr. Meredith has the two returned, with proper compensation. And, Charles, if the theft can be fixed, let the men have a hundred stripes apiece. Unless a stop can be put to this plundering and raping we'll have a second rebellion on our hands."

Cornwallis shrugged his shoulders and issued the necessary orders. Then horses being secured for the carriage, the squire and dames, accompanied by the generals, set out for Greenwood.

It was long past the customary dining hour when the house was reached, and though Mrs. Meredith and Janice joined Sukey and Peg in the hurried preparation of the meal, it was not till after three that it could be announced. As a consequence, before the men had tired of the Madeira, dark had come. One unfortunate of the staff was therefore despatched to order the regiments to bivouac for the night.

"Tell the commissaries to issue an extra ration of rum," directed Sir William, made generously minded by the generous use of the wine. "And now, friend Lambert, let's have in the spirits, and if it but equal thy Madeira in quality we'll sing a Te Deum and make a night of it."

Janice, at a call from the host, brought in the squat decanters, and the general insisted, with a look which told his admiration, that his first glass should be mixed by the girl.

"Nay, nay," he cried, checking her as she reached for the loaf sugar. "Put it to thy lips, and 'twill be sweeter than any sugar can make it. Take but a sip and give us a toast along with it."

And the general caught at the girl's free hand and tried to put his other arm about her waist.

"Oh fie, Sir William!" called Clowes, too flushed with wine to guard his tongue. "What will Mrs. Loring think of such talk?"

"Think! Let her think what she may," retorted the general, with a laugh. "Dost thou not know that woman is never sweeter than when she is doubtful of her empire?"

Janice, with heightened colour and angry eyes, eluded Howe's familiarities by a backward step, and, raising the glass, defiantly gave "Success to Washington!" Then, scared at her own temerity, she darted from the room, in her fright carrying away the tumbler of spirits. But she need not have fled, for her toast only called forth an uproarious burst of laughter.

"I always said 'twas a rebellion of petticoats," chuckled Sir William. "And small blame to them when they sought to tax their only drink. 'Fore George, I'd rebel myself if they went to taxing good spirits unfairly. Ah, gentlemen, after we have finished with Mr. Washington next week, what sweet work 'twill be to bring the caps to a proper submission. No wonder Cornwallis is hot to push on and have done with the men."

The morrow found Sir William no less inclined to tarry than he had been the day before, and, using the plea that they would await the arrival of Knyphausen's force, he sent orders to the advance to remain bivouacked at Brunswick, much to the disgust of Cornwallis, who was little mollified by the consent he finally wrung from his superior to push forward the Light Horse on a reconnaissance, a task on which he at once departed.

Thus rid of his disagreeable spur, the general settled down before the parlour fire to a game of piquet with Evatt, not a little to the scandalising of card-hating Mrs. Meredith. Worse still to the mother, nothing would do Sir William but for Janice to come and score for him, and it is to be confessed that his attention was more devoted to the black of her eyes and the red of her cheeks than it was to the black and red spots on the cards. Three times he unguarded a king in the minor hand, and twice he was capoted unnecessarily. As a result, Evatt won easily; but the gain in purse did not seem to cheer him, for he looked discontented even as he pocketed his winnings. And as every gallant speech the general made the girl had deepened this look, the cause for the feeling was not far to seek.

Dinner eaten, the general, without leaving the table, lasped into gentle, if somewhat noisy,

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slumber, and his superior thus disposed of for the moment, Evatt sought Janice, only to find that two young fellows of the staff, having abandoned the bottle before him, had the longer been enjoying her society. He joined the group, but, as on the preceding evening, Janice chose to ignore his presence. What he did not know was something said before his entrance, which had much to do with the girl's determination to punish him.

"Who is this person who is so intimate with Sir William?" she had asked the general's secretary.

McKenzie gave his fellow-staffsman a quick glance which, manlike, he thought the girl would not perceive. "He's commissary-general of the forces," he then replied.

Janice shrugged her shoulders. "Thank you for enlightening my ignorance," she said ironically. "Let me add in payment for the information that this is a spinet."

Again McKenzie exchanged a look with Balfour. The latter, however, after a glance at the door, said, in a low voice: "He's no favourite with us; that you may be sure."

"He— Is he— Is Baron Clowes his true name?" Janice questioned.

"More true than most things about him," muttered McKenzie.

"Then he has another name?" persisted the girl.

"A half-dozen, no doubt," assented Balfour. "There are dirty things to be done in every kind of work, Miss Meredith, and there are always dirty men ready to do them. I'd not waste thought on him. Knaves go to make up a complete pack as much as kings, you know," he finished, as Clowes entered the room.

Cornwallis returned at nightfall, with word of the junction of reinforcements; but, despite the news, it required all the urgence of himself and Clowes to induce the commander-in-chief to give the marching order for the next morning. Nor, when the hour of departure came, was Howe less reluctant, lingering over his adieux with his host and hostess, and especially with their daughter, to an extent which set the earl stamping with impatience and put a scowl on Clowes's face. Even when the general was in the saddle, nothing would do him but he must have a stirrup cup, and when this had been secured he demanded another toast of the girl.

"Come now, you gave Mr. Washington your good wishes last time, Miss Janice, runaway though he was. Canst not give a toast for the troops that don't run?" he pleaded.

Janice, with a roguish look in her eyes that boded no good to the British, took the glass and, touching it to her lips, said: "Here's to the army which never runs away, and which never—" Then she paused, and caught her breath as if wanting courage.

"Out with it! Complete the toast!" cried the general eagerly.

"And which never runs after!" ended Janice.

(To be continued.)

SOME MUTE INGLORIOUS MILTON

While at the black wood's edge the moonlight glows
  Upon the humble gables of his cot,
And night's meridian comes and sighs and goes,
  The porch-lamp burns for him returning not.

Gone are the wild clouds that convulsed the sky,
  And hurled the snow drift's siege against the door;
That night the summons came for him to die;
  Mild are the breezes now, the struggle o'er.

Young heart that fretted in your rustic sphere,
  Dream softly, for there comes no cloud to-night;
And the old lantern at the door burns clear,
  Wasting its glow amid the heedless light.

Thomas Walsh.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

WAR IS KIND. By Stephen Crane. Drawings by Will Bradley. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

Any one who wants to read of war, red war, who remembers *The Red Badge of Courage,* and the author's experience as a war correspondent in the field last spring, will meet with woeful disappointment in Stephen Crane's *War is Kind.* In the title poem there is a momentary gleam of vivid colour:

> Hoarse booming drums of the regiment,
> Little souls that thirst for fight.

And again:

> Swift swaying flag of the regiment,
> Eagle with crest of red and gold.

Beside this there is an occasional lyric touch of warm sunshine:

> To the maiden
> The sea was a blue meadow,
> Alive with little froth people
> Singing.

And where the shrewd craftsman is bidden to frame

> A dream for my Love.
> Cunningly weave sunlight,
> Breezes and flowers.
> Let it be of the cloth of the meadows.

The reader once more escapes from the depressing keynote of dull unrest, emphasised heavily by the gray pages and Mr. Bradley's shadow sketches.

Of this the author is plainly sensible. He tells how his fat, complacent prophet climbed the mountain, expecting to see "good white lands" and "bad black lands" and found that the scene was gray. No one would accuse Mr. Crane of being a fat, complacent prophet. He must rather be considered as a young man who has not found himself, and one is irresistibly reminded of Kipling's untried tramp steamer wallowing in a sullen sea, leaking at every rivet hole, by this pipe-dream of black and gray.

There is a good deal of the sea in the book, and the unrhymed, at times unmetrical, lines may be held to voice ocean's hoarse, inarticulate murmur, as well as anything else. The author tells of a man who strove to sing with wooden tongue. The result was sad till there came one who understood. And in the love song that ends the volume there is voiced something of the dumb passion that a man who is not a poet must tell somehow, brokenly.

No one who reads this book can say justly that Mr. Crane is not a poet. He has enriched our literature with prose that rises almost to the level of epic song at times, but he will never be able to make prose of poetry, and his wisdom in following Walt Whitman's footsteps is not overwhelmingly apparent. He has neither the supreme sense of melody that harmonises Whitman's rugged lines nor the force and breadth of grasp that makes the "Song of the Open Road" the biggest thing in American literature.

Among the best things in the book are the epigrams. They are obviously prose, nothing more. Stripped of the gray paper, the black drawings, the printing of four solitary lines at the top of one page, they stand for the thought in them, but the illusive glamour of verse has fled. And the author seems naïvely conscious of this. He says:

> The plains and the hills aloof
> Hear the uproar of all these books,
> But it is only a little ink more or less.

And again:

> A man said to the Universe:
> "Sir, I exist."
> "However," replied the Universe,
> "That has not created in me
> A sense of obligation."

Consequently one must urge one's rights by the most forcible advertising if one means to succeed quickly. The good taste of lines such as

> "You tell me this is God?
> I tell you this is a printed list,
> A burning candle and an ass."

may be questioned.

Technically, the book is in some respects an advance on *The Black Riders,* Mr. Crane's former metrical effort. There is manifested at times, not always, a nice sense of cadence, and the colour effects where we escape from the prevailing fog are fascinating. It is this fogginess, this groping in vagueness of feeling, the

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natural foe of clear thought, that has doubtless permitted the insertion of such inanities as the lines about the dead knight, such crudities as the description of the successful man. And again this same mystic shadowing has wrought true art in the witchery of the desert serpent-charmer.

There is no doubt that Mr. Crane has begun to arrive, but there is grave doubt of his ultimate success along these lines. Evidently he takes himself seriously, in spite of what seems occasional freakishness. There is room for his individuality in fiction—so striking a personality will always find hearers—but in the strait domain of true poesy he can only win to greatness by a closer regard for the conventionalities of rhyme and reason that the centuries have taught us are the best. The less said of Mr. Bradley's drawings the better. *John Curtis Underwood.*

DANTON: A STUDY. By Hilaire Belloc, B.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

LIFE OF DANTON. By A. H. Beesly. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"I looked at this repulsive and horrible face, and . . . I could not associate an honest man with such a countenance. I have never seen anything so absolutely the incarnation of brutal passion." Thus Madame Roland, writing of the Mirabeau of the Sans-Culottes. And this was the picture that hung for years in the Pantheon of history. The genius of Carlyle called up another figure, that of a man, fiery-real, genuine to the heart-core, with many sins, yet lacking that greatest of sins, cant. That remains the authentic portrait. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Beesly supply the evidence of its authenticity.

It is idle to compare the two volumes before us. Though written from the same standpoint of admiration, though based upon the same authorities, they differ so materially in style and treatment as to complement one another. Mr. Beesly is the historian proper. His book is largely made up of Danton's speeches as recorded in the *Moniteur.* His style is clear and judicial, masterful of detail. To appreciate Mr. Belloc's commentary you must have grasped Mr. Beesly's facts, for Mr. Belloc is not so much concerned with events as with their significance. He relegates his documents to an exhaustive appendix—the long report of the first Committee of Public Safety, there printed for the first time, is, to our thinking, the most important piece of evidence produced by either author—and takes much knowledge for granted. His book is unquestionably a brilliant piece of work, the outcome of ripe scholarship and remarkable literary ability. The style is throughout moving and striking, at places almost breathlessly rhetorical. The survey of the whole revolutionary movement, and of the peculiar position of Paris in that movement, with which the study begins, is the most enlightening and suggestive, and withal the most personal piece of criticism it has been our fortune to read for years.

Both writers have frequent recourse to the three French historians who of late years have made special and impartial study of the Revolution—Dr. Bougeart, M. Aulard, and chiefly Dr. Robinet. The persistent research of these authorities has thrown a new light on much that had been blackened by calumny and prejudice. Two accusations, generally accepted as proven by English historians, stain the memory of Danton. He was corrupt and venal; he instigated the September massacres. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Beesly prove beyond a shadow of dispute that there is not a tittle of evidence to support these charges. But they fail to convince us that Danton's name is absolved from complicity in the ghastly crimes of September. Culpable he certainly was, silently culpable. Posterity can never forget that he failed to lift his terrible voice in protest against assassination. His tacit acquiescence remains a crime. If he had dared and dared again, and once more dared, he might then have crushed the blood-red Marat as he did the Girondins. Paris was only roused, not yet uncontrollably insane. Though he was never consumed by that demoniacal lust of blood that defiled his friends, he was in the counsel of those who instigated and deeply planned the massacres, and it was from them that he accepted high office, on their shoulders that he rose to utmost power. He did not sow the seed of Terror, but he did nothing to uproot the plant.

We should have liked a more impartial account of Danton's position as a practical statesman. Both our authors, enthusiastic special pleaders keeping loyally to their brief, overestimate his political genius. He was the one great organiser of the Revolution, but his policy was always shortsighted. He had no clear aim, no certain goal. He never learned the supreme power that lies in waiting. He acted on the moment for the moment. To this he owed his death. He stamped and armies came out of the earth. He hurled his thunders and the people rose. It was only at the last, and when it was too late, that he looked upon the country of his creating and begged for pause, for toleration and unity.

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The powers he had called into being turned and rent him and rent France. He organised the First Committee of Public Safety. Remembering the Second Committee, can we say that even this was a wise and statesmanlike piece of work? And in the cold light of history, must not the whole tenor of his foreign policy be utterly condemned?

The personality, rather than the policy, of Danton stands clear-cut in these pages. He was a bourgeois in mind, generous, sympathetic, energetic, hard-headed. He saw no visions, he dreamed no dreams. He was the voice of the great crowd, incarnate energy without fixity of purpose. To quote a fine passage from Mr. Belloc: "He is the most French, the most national, the nearest to the mother of all the Revolutionary group. He summed up France; and, the son of a small lawyer in Champagne, he was a peasant, a bourgeois, almost a soldier as well. When we study him it is like looking at a landscape of Rousseau's or a figure of Millet's. We see France." France in her greatness and her supreme weakness, too.

J. E. Hodder Williams.

MEMOIRS OF SERGEANT BOURGOGNE, 1812-1813. Authorised Edition from the French Original, edited by Paul Cottin and Maurice Hénault New York: The Doubleday and McClure Co. $1.50.

None of the contemporary Napoleonic documents is more vivid than these memoirs, written by a Velite sergeant attached to the Imperial Guard, some months after the events while he was a prisoner in Prussia. Years afterward, on looking at them, a singular mania came over him. "I doubted whether all that I had seen and endured with so much courage and patience in this terrible campaign was not the effect of my imagination." His old comrades and his own letters to his mother were witnesses to the truth of his story. He might well have doubted that human bodies could have endured what his had come through. Out of his regiment twenty-six returned home. The general history of the Russian campaign is well known. But it has never been told save here from the point of view of the private soldiers and the company officers. Nothing was spared Bourgogne. He had a great gift of simple, forcible writing. There is not a tedious page, though at times the story becomes intolerable to a reader seated in warmth and comfort and safety. But there is constant relief in the high spirits, the power of making the best of misery, and likewise in the waves of enthusiasm that swept through the army by moments in recognition of the greatness of their leader, and of the stakes at issue. These moments are described without rhetoric. Their reality gleams through the simplicity with which they are recounted.

His narrative of the stay in Moscow is a wonderful picture of confused barbarism and humanity, pillage and sympathy, contempt of life and death, and neighbourliness among enemies—a strange medley of tragedy and childishness. You see a batch of soldiers making jam fritters in the midst of red ruin. You see them sharing their soup with the folks whose houses they have sacked. Napoleon was thinking hard, but his irresponsible Guards danced and masqueraded and drank punch while they had the chance.

Then comes the story of the retreat. Bourgogne does not mince his words. He tells you what hunger means in terms one shrinks from quoting. "I am sure that if I had not found any horseflesh myself I could have turned cannibal. To understand the situation, one must have felt the madness of hunger; failing a man to eat, one could have demolished the devil himself if he were only cooked." The description of the north wind travelling over the forests, and the soldiers running from it toward any fire they saw, and falling, and never rising any more, is unforgettable. Again and again there is mention of the terrible laugh of death, which grew so familiar. Pillage as they might, they could not find food. "It is the devil's own country, for it is hell all through." There are tales of mania and savagery, but there are still more numerous tales of heroism. During the whole of one terrible night the dragoons attached to Prince Emile of Hesse-Cassel stood round him, "wrapped in their great white cloaks, pressed tightly one against the other, protecting him from the wind and the cold. The next morning three-quarters of them were dead and buried beneath the snow." And brotherly kindness among the men was all in the day's work.

At last even Bourgogne's powers gave way. He had to drop behind his regiment, and he and a friend were lost in the forest. Picart, the friend, is the brightest spot in the memoirs—the French soldier of tradition, endlessly brave, plucky, gay, and bearing beneath a laughing, jesting exterior a tremendous sense of the honour of the army. Bourgogne and Picart are surely the originals of Heine's "Zwei Grenadier." A false rumour reached them that Napoleon was prisoner:

Besiegt und zerschlagen das grosse Herr,—
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

Picart did not believe, but yet his spirits left

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him. He brooded; at last delirium overtook him. He "talked to himself, sometimes standing and going through musket-drill. All at once he stopped, and, on turning round, I saw him motionless, porting arms as if on parade. Suddenly he thundered out 'Vive l'Empereur!'" Picart saw his hero again, for they came up with the terribly diminished army. "Great tears fell from his eyes, rolled down his cheeks, and froze in his moustache. Then, turning to me, he said: 'I don't know, *mon pays,* if I am awake or dreaming. It breaks my heart to see our Emperor on foot, his bâton in his hand. He, so great, who made us all so proud of him!' He went on, 'Did you notice how he looked at us?'" He shed tears for Napoleon, but his own misfortunes he laughed or sang away. Bourgogne has made the man live for us. And if Picart could have written, he would have probably told us quite as cheering tales of the brave sergeant, who wrote these memoirs for his grandchildren to show them that "grandfather did not always lie upon a bed of roses; and although he may not have been one of the best Catholics in France, they will see that he often fasted, and more than once he fasted on a feast-day!"

ASPECTS OF RELIGIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT. By the late Richard Holt Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The essays contained in this volume are well chosen and well arranged, and although they appeared at different dates between 1870 and 1895, they read almost as though they were consecutive chapters in a continuous treatise.

Mr. Hutton was a man of definite opinions, with a singularly well-balanced judgment, and although the views which he held on some of the topics of controversy with which he has dealt in these papers are not always accordant with what is commonly regarded as strict orthodoxy, yet they have the merit of being consistent, and he is able in each case to give cogent and intelligible reasons for the position which he takes. In his younger days he characterised the intellectual exercises of a relative by saying that he "dived into metaphysics and came up muddy," but this certainly cannot be said of himself, for when he enters upon fields of thought quite as obscure as his relative's metaphysics, he always comes up clear, coherent and intelligible.

It was eminently characteristic of his disposition of mind that he took pains to understand the standpoint of his adversary; and, as he was a man with acute perception and wide sympathies, he generally succeeded in this, so that he seldom can be accused of misrepresenting the opinions on which he animadverts. Certainly, in the essays selected here, he is always fair in stating the case of those from whom he differs, and his criticisms, though always firm, are seldom trenchant, and never discourteous.

These essays deal with a fairly extensive series of topics—Scepticism in various forms, Materialism, Prayer, Miracles, Inspiration, Atonement, Free Will, the Future of Mankind, etc. Another series deals with the feeling of dissatisfaction with things as they are, which is the dominant note among certain schools of poets and essayists. This moral *ennui* and lack of certainty he considers to be due to the vast surface which the present conditions of life present, over which men's thoughts are diffused. Each real worker has a region which occupies all his thoughts, and his pre-occupation with it prevents him from getting down seriously to the roots of things in which are the foundations of faith. The development of research and the critical spirit have sundered the world of intellect from the world of faith, so that one whose time is mostly taken up with the former finds it impossible, or at least difficult, to orient himself to the condition of the latter in those fag-ends of time which he gives to the matters of the spirit. The operation of this *Zeitgeist* is to be seen among the more philosophic of the poets of the present day, and Hutton has devoted three of the most striking of his essays to this subject. The wails of despair and tragic cries of desolation from the depths born of the contemplation of the conflicts of man with man, evil with good, or man with the inexorable forces of nature, these come from the limitation of the poet's view to but one side of the picture, leading him to harp on one or only a few strings. In the essay, one of the finest in the series, on Human Sympathy and Religious Capacity, he deals with another aspect of the same subject, the reflex effect, upon many men of warm, philanthropic spirit, of the contemplation of suffering, often on the part of those who are innocent. St. John makes the love of God only possible on the part of those who love their brethren, but these lovers of their brethren are by the fire of their very love turned to atheism in passionate protest against what seems to them the inexorable severity of the course of nature.

Many other important subjects are dealt with to which we have not space to refer. In the first essay, on the value of the repetition of the creeds as a part of worship, he lays stress

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on the effect of this practice as a means of establishing the faith of the individual. One questions, however, whether the kind of faith which is the outcome of habitual iteration of one's beliefs is really of sufficient value to outweigh the sense of hypocrisy in the repetition of articles of faith by one who is not thoroughly persuaded of their truth, or still more, the deadening effect of such habitual repetitions. If one looks round a congregation of people singing some of the familiar hymns, in which such terrible lines occur as "Even though it be a cross that raiseth me," it takes but little observation to see that the percentage that attaches any meaning to the words they are using is but a small one.

In other essays we have the echoes of famous controversies, as in that on Tyndall's crude and ill-digested Belfast lecture, which is followed by a review of Martineau's masterly answer to it. Newman, Jowett, Gladstone, Kingsley, Bishop, Magee, Tulloch, Mill, Morley, Matthew Arnold and others have afforded texts for several of these papers, so the reader is provided with a very varied bill of fare. On account of the form in which these originally appeared in the *Spectator,* they are all short, some much too short for the full development of their themes, but there are few writers of the present day who could have set forth in such a narrow compass the essential points of each of these topics with such force and fulness.

THE BREAK-UP OF CHINA. By Lord Charles Beresford. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.00.

There is something characteristically sailor-like in the neatness and precision with which Lord Charles Beresford has arranged his material and the exactitude with which he keeps to the subject in hand. As a result the book is extremely easy to read and perfectly convenient for reference. Each town he visited has a chapter to itself, with a heading giving population and any other necessary statistics. The various industries are dealt with in subsections, and addresses and memorials on trade subjects are given in full. Railways, waterways, and all other items of commercial importance are separately and fully dealt with. There is not a word too much, and yet nothing is overlooked. It is a very type of the fair and honest account rendered by the faithful steward. To discuss the book would be to enter upon politics, and for that, we thankfully remember, our space will not allow. But Lord Charles Beresford has found certain opinions general in China, and those whose business or pleasure it is to deal with such things will find them worth noting. The British merchants consider that the "Open Door" principle is essential to the interest of the British trade. China is at present absolutely helpless, a prey to the competitive rapacity of European powers. As Britain has sixty-four per cent. of the Chinese trade, China looks to her for help, considering that it is in the interest of Britain to prevent the disintegration of China. But the opinion is universal that Britain is afraid of Russia, and its recent Eastern policy has confirmed this idea. At present Russia is the dominant power, and Manchuria is regarded as practically in Russia's hands. It is important to have reliable first-hand information on these and other points, and to have an opportunity of learning authoritatively how the Eastern Question is regarded in the East. Lord Charles Beresford has done his part admirably. It rests with the British Government to act upon his information.

THE KINSHIP OF SOULS. A Narrative. By Reuen Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.50.

This is not, as the title would suggest, a psychical research into the hearts of men and women, but in reality a book of travels, slightly touched with romance. It is a narrative dealing principally with three persons—a philosophical professor, his intellectual daughter, and a young man theologically inclined. These three travel together, and into their conversation weave their opinions on theology, literature and life. They certainly "talk like a book," but we have a suspicion that the author is trying to instruct as well as to entertain us, and we do not deny that there are people who can be instructed in this way. The romantic side of the situation is in the fact that the theological young man, being very much under the influence of the philosophical professor, changes his views on theology, and marries the charming young woman, whose name is Ismene, and who in spite of (or because of) her name has a wonderful intellect, and whose conversation does so much to instruct the reader. To the person who cares neither for fiction nor for books on travel, but who would occasionally like to get a little smattering of each, this narrative can be safely recommended.

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NOVEL NOTES

MEN'S TRAGEDIES. By R. V. Risley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

This is the best book of short stories since Kipling and Parker. And yet nothing could possibly be more unlike *Plain Tales from the Hills* or *Pierre and his People*. It is like them in one respect only; it is a man's book. By this I mean both that it will appeal more to men than to women, and that it deals more with men than with women. As Mr. Risley himself warns us, in a somewhat supererogatory preface, all the women in the book, good, bad and indifferent, are, after all, minor characters.

Frankly, one might wish, I think, that the author's standpoint had been, if not more American, at least less German. Germanism in literature, like Jonah's gourd, came up in a night and disappeared in a night; and its disappearance is not greatly to be regretted. Whatever be the direction literature is to take in the future, it will not be a renascence of the Teutonic romanticism of the first part of this century. The Germanism is only one element of Mr. Risley's work, but it is the element that could best be spared. *Men's Tragedies* has something of the quality of Carlyle, not entirely without an admixture of the romantic atmosphere of George Sand. The characters are strong men, intense men, but they are strong men whose emotions are never ultimated in normal living. Of healthy, happy, useful lives there are none. The stories are truly "tragedies," tragedies of the soul. The "men" are all morbid—but the book is not morbid. After all, isn't this consummate art?

A great man in the place of any one of the heroes of this book would have found a way to live down his hurt. But these men are just less than great, and tragedy is the inevitable result. They are great enough to feel, but not great enough to conquer. Probably the author chose this type—for the men are all of one type, though carefully discriminated as individuals—that he might show how some things hurt, things that some forget and a few overcome, but which so many bear apparently unmarred that the world is perhaps too apt to think that *men* do not feel so very much after all. The popular hero who suffers is usually a woman—and frequently no hero at all.

The Table of Contents is not the best page in the book; but, having read it, you must read the book—which is distinctly clever for a Table of Contents. "The Man who Bore," "The Man who Cared," "The Man who Fell," "The Man who Killed," and so forth.

Mr. Risley's style is simple, vigorous and inevitable. There is no Germanism in that. It hits straight from the shoulder. Indeed, the most remarkable thing about this remarkable book is its style. That a man, in his first book, should show power is matter for congratulation; that he should show such simplicity, directness and restraint is little short of unique. We have certainly a new story-writer; perhaps, as it *is* a first book, a new novelist—or dramatist as well.

Here is a specimen of the book and the style:

"It is, after all, belief in ideals that makes life worth living," he continued. "The men who trust—who will not, or cannot—live without belief in something—these are the happy men. But I—I was born without reverence. I believed only in myself. I was a mental hermit. The world had hurt me. And I shut it out. I was an utter egotist—but that does not mean that I was selfish. My whole life has been a struggle to love what I could not respect. Do you wonder that I was cynical? Was it my fault that I—

"I was too much myself. The men who are less themselves and more everybody else are happier men.

"And I was lonely—almost as lonely as I was sad."

Richard Hovey.

OUTSIDERS. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

Mr. Chambers, having evidently read Zola without digesting him, has written a novel of New York life that was meant to be symbolic, but that is only meaningless and rather nasty. It would be polite but not truthful to dismiss *Outsiders* as "commonplace." It is not commonplace. It has an interest of its own. It is quite unique in its vulgarity and its uncon-

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scious humour. The story can be told in a very few words. Oliver Lock, a young American who has lived most of his life in Europe, returns to New York, and goes to live in a boarding-house near Longacre Square. He has manuscript for sale, and trudges about from publisher to publisher. In his boarding-house he meets an Englishman who sells bath-tubs, three or four chorus girls, a young woman named Dulcie Wyvern, and some other people. After an unsavoury incident he leaves this house, and as he fails to dispose of his manuscripts and has come to the end of his resources, he drifts down toward Washington Square, and one night keels over while sitting on one of the Park benches, and is taken home and lodged by one of the inmates of the Monastery, under which name the apartment building at the southeastern corner of the square is thinly disguised. The rest of the story deals with his relations with the girl Dulcie and his squabbles with publishers. At the very end Dulcie "drifts far beyond his hail," though what this has to do in the matter is never very clear. The man who honestly loves New York, who has felt ever so lightly its mystery, its tragedy and its charm, *Outsiders* is likely to provoke to impatience and anger, unless he have superhuman strength of mind and a strong sense of humour and of what is humorous. With the very first chapter Mr. Chambers starts in to do "tall writing." There is no denying that he has succeeded amazingly. Thackeray's burlesque of Bulwer in the George de Barnwell of the *Punch's* Prize Novelists Series, "'Twas noon in Chepe. Hide tide in the mighty river city," appears sane and colourless placed by the side of this endless array of blood-red adjectives and nouns. New York may be a monster of prehistoric horror, seven-headed, vermilion-eyed, pink-nostriled, "digging its million fangs and claws into the strip of rock," "a gigantic parasite glued leech-like," "sweating steam, reeking with smoke from countless craters," "a misshapen, million-ribbed thing wrapped in stupor"; but when this monster modestly retreats to the wings, leaving the stage to a troupe of badly constructed marionettes, who pelt each other with long-winded platitudes and abortive epigrams—that is, when they are not engaged in scratching each other or in throwing billiard chalk down each other's throats—the reader's credulity is rather strained. Of intentional humour *Outsiders* is quite guiltless, although Chatterton Mawly, Publisher, "whose clothes were interesting for their variety and newness, his necktie a creation, his waistcoat much more than an inspiration. Adorned with jewelry, he fairly crackled in his pink shirt bosom . . . a flat, heart-shaped face, eyes that were all surface, variegated curiously like polished green malachite . . . it was true he had a nose; he also wore a pair of ears not ornamental," is dragged in apparently as a comic device. There is no need of saying anything about the hero beyond that he had the manners of a pedantic floorwalker and an incurable case of the "swelled head." Upon one thing Mr. Chambers is to be congratulated—*Outsiders* it would be impossible to parody.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE AWKWARD AGE. By Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The honest reader in search of a story will stare dazedly through perhaps a third of Mr. James's new book, and then shut it with a snort. Serious readers in search of a problem will go along the road a little farther, but if they continue too long their wrath at the end will surely consume the writer. Students of character may complain that too great a burden is put on them. Indeed, every one has excellent grounds of complaint against *The Awkward Age*. The book is extraordinarily clever. Such as have some time on their hands, who are well saturated with Mr. James's later style, and have no particular expectations to be cruelly disappointed, will enjoy a large portion of it, will marvel and chuckle over many pages, and yet think after all it was hardly worth the trouble of writing. In *What Maisie Knew* he suggested the tragic circumstances surrounding a young life, with a delicacy and a restrained pathos that were admirable. In *The Two Magics* he cast off restraint and revealed depths of horror lurking under the fairest surface. His new book is also to some extent a study of degeneration, but the question is dealt with so lightly and so politely, that you are convicted of priggery if you take it seriously at all. He introduces us to a London set, lively, graceful, perfect in their worldly rôle. It would be the worst of manners to inquire whether at bottom they are very good or very bad. They talk a great deal in a language of their own that has grown out of their constant intercourse with each other. An outsider must listen hard and guess a great deal. The set contains two girls. One of them has been guarded from its influence, the other has sucked in all it had to give, and judged the result, while she was still in pinafores. If you have leisure to study the members of the set in Mr. James's fashion,

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helped by the example of that other outsider, Mr. Longdon—a gentleman of the old school, who comes back to London after thirty years of retirement, to watch and wonder painfully—you will own that some of them, Mitchy, the Duchess, Mrs. Brookenham, and Nanda, are marvellously worked out. But you must take time and trouble. There is no other living writer who could have written the book, who could so patiently and delicately labour to make a fine point, who could deal so sensitively with fine shades, who could analyse the slight *so subtly, so wittily. There is infinite* grace in the detail; and there is genuine fun in the observation. But taken as a whole, the effect is clumsy and even wearisome. There is ten times too much good stuff. He works a delicate thing to death.

STRONG HEARTS. By G. W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Among the "Strong Hearts" in this book the strongest is that of a weakling. A man who cannot fight drink has a heart stout enough to fight the devil. At a first reading "The Solitary" was not our favourite among these stories. The man who deliberately betook himself to an uninhabited island and destroyed the boat that carried him thither, thus masterfully finding for himself an answer to the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," did not lay hold of us just at first. The story is a strenuous one. Even Mr. Cable's exquisite crystalline style shows signs of the buffeting of strong cross-currents of emotion. The horror of the man's struggle, the awfulness of the strife in his own soul, the terror of the raging elements without, are realised with painful intensity. At a first reading it was the painfulness that we felt most strongly; at the second, the power. The other two stories make a readier appeal; neither of them is better done.

"The Taxidermist" was another strong-hearted man, but his strength was in his tenderness. Little things, gay-plumaged birds and tiny children, were what he loved and lived for. When he won a lottery prize and built himself a fine house, he would not stir a foot to save it from fire as long as the Children's Home was in danger. His friends cried to him to come. His answer was a look of anguish.

"Good God! my fran'. We come yondeh so quick we can! But—foudre tonnerre!—look that house here fill' with ba-bee'!"

And as for his own house—

"She's not mine! I trade her to God faw these one! Go! tell Him she's His, He kin burn her if He feel like!"

But, after all, "He got fing-er in that pie," and the "ba-bee'," burned out of their asylum, found a home and a father and mother waiting for them along the way.

"The Entomologist" is charming for the sake of the little German sempstress, Senda, with whom reader as well as author cannot but fall in love. It is marvellous how Mr. Cable has made an idyll of grace and delicacy and sweetness out of such ugly material as *disloyal and wandering affections.* Senda's is the strong heart here, strong in loving patience.

A DOUBLE THREAD. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

Miss Fowler shows herself conclusively to be one of the people who are improved by success. *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* was good, but *A Double Thread* is better. It preserves all that was freshest and most delightful in last year's book. The dialogue is no less clever, but easier and more natural, and the sparkle is as bright and yet more genuine. Isabel Carnaby jarred upon us occasionally with a cheap witticism or an unforgiveable pun. Miss Harland (it is safer, for reasons which the reader will discover, to avoid the Christian name) does so only once. The style is a little mellower and a little softer than it was a year ago. The characters are more human and more loveable. It is one of the pleasantest things about the book that the most entertaining characters are also the most amiable. And they are the most real. Miss Fowler is not so much at home in the backwaters of life. It is in the heyday of youth and the stir of society that she is at her best. Happily, too, it is the pleasant people who say the quotable things, and of these the book is full. Most of them refer to the one ever-interesting subject—the relations of men to women, and women to men. We shall not repeat any of these—there are too many to choose from. Here is one, however, of more general application, and worth keeping at hand as a healing ointment to be used in most cases of wounded sensibilities and chafed spirits: "People as a rule do not mean to be unkind unless they are also unhappy." It is a fair illustration of the spirit in which Miss Fowler writes. Her sparkling wit is the most obvious thing about her books; the best thing about them is her generous and joyous attitude toward humankind.

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WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES. By H. G. Wells New York: Harper & Brothers.

And so after strange delays, and through an avenue of doubt and battle, this man from the nineteenth century came at last to his position at the head of that complex world. . . . He was owner of half the world, Master of the Earth. This new great age was in the completest sense his.

He fell to sleep a fanatical democrat—a socialist: he woke a tyrant; he died fighting with the people against the tyranny he had unconsciously fashioned while he slept. Surely a theme of magnificent possibilities—a theme more fertile in romance even than the central idea of *The War of the Worlds.* The discovery of such material is in itself no mean triumph.

For the reader who delights in a good story the book has one great weakness—it is too descriptive. There are all the elements of a most exciting novel, and up to a certain point *When the Sleeper Wakes* is the romance of a master hand. The picture of a kind of French Revolution under the conditions of a new century is altogether fascinating. The history of the Council and of the "boss" of the Council who ruled the world in the name of the Sleeper and was overthrown by him on his awakening, is a masterpiece of imaginative genius. But the elaborate catalogue of the intricacies of the new London, the detailed descriptions of all the complex paraphernalia of this new life, its exaggerated richness and poverty, the terror of its machine-made conditions, its social rottenness—to our mind these interfere with the story, which must be the main interest in any book from the pen of Mr. Wells.

THE MIRACLES OF ANTICHRIST. By Selma Lagerlöf. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.75.

The Story of Gösta Berling, the author's first novel, came with many apparently unmistakable marks of genius. It seemed, indeed, as if the work's defects were mainly the results of inexperience, and those who keep in closest touch with the literary movement have consequently looked for the Swedish newcomer's second story with keen interest and considerable confidence. The reading of it, however, brings less surety. Without the assurance of the publishers that this is a maturer work than the earlier volume, it would be difficult to form an opinion upon that point. It is true that the writing is firmer and more finished than in *The Story of Gösta Berling,* but, on the other hand, the feeling of the book is so immature as to be almost juvenile, although it is by no means a child's book. Yet, notwithstanding the weakness and wandering which defeat full expectation, the work has worth and poetic beauty.

The scenes and the types are far away from the author's native environment. It is a study of Sicilian life and character, with a curious mingling of the natural and the supernatural. The central motive is very slight, and serves mainly to hang the legends of Antichrist upon. Some of the many miracles that the Christ Child works are exquisitely wrought out, with all the tenderness and beauty that give large promise in *The Story of Gösta Berling,* but the appreciative readers of that remarkable book are still waiting for the complete expression of the author's power.

A TRIPLE ENTANGLEMENT. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.

This is a complicated love affair, as one may judge by the title. When we first make the acquaintance of Enid Severn she is in the elemental period, and secretly engaged to a bad young man, "Algy Sutton," whom she has met on her travels with her grandfather, and whose badness she has not yet discovered. She thought she was raptuously attached to the said Algy until she met Stuart Wallis, also a fellow-traveller. Just here we may say that Mrs. Harrison's people have the fever for travelling in an aggravated form, and one might almost use portions of her story as a guide book. Stuart loses no time in succumbing to Enid's charms, and just when his hopes are high she confides in him her secret attachment, and chooses him as the friend who will be the bearer of her message to the absent lover. It is not a very enviable position for Stuart, but he does as he is bid, and with as good a grace as can be expected from a man under such circumstances. It does not take him long to discover in Algy a roué who desires to win the girl to further his own ends. Mrs. Harrison, however, is very inconsistent in her treatment of these men. She allows Stuart to separate himself from Enid at a time when she needs his friendship, and she permits Algy, in a moment of self-abasement, to write to Enid, explaining all his badness and releasing her from the engagement. For many years after this Stuart loses sight of Enid, although he spends months in trying to find her. By this time Enid is a poor governess (why are so many girls in novels governesses?), alone in the world, and deeply in love with Stuart. He does not know where she is—she does not know where he is.

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His letters are intercepted, and, to add to the entanglement, he becomes engaged to another girl. Shortly after this engagement Stuart and Enid meet, only to part immediately. You see, there can be no doubt that he is a good man, but, oh, what a stupid one! After a great deal more trouble, and just as we reach the last page, Stuart's fiancée, who is somewhat of a myth, breaks off the engagement, and Stuart and Enid fall into each other's arms. And this foolish story, incredible as it may seem, is by the author of *Belhaven Tales*. Surely, Mrs. Harrison, you can do better than this.

MR., MISS AND MRS. By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr. ("Karl"). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. $1.25.

From the title of this book we were hardly prepared for the delight that we derived from the short stories contained therein. There are twenty-three in all, very short, some humorous and some pathetic. There are several excellent little sketches of Bohemia, real Bohemia, too, and others of the half-world which are worthy of mention, especially "The Bachelor Supper" and "Number 5." Two of the stories are spoiled by an inartistic ending—namely, "Moonshine" and "An Unproductive Romance"—in a way that makes us feel that the author does not wish to be taken too seriously. But the two most striking stories in the collection, because of their originality, are "Mrs. Rogers's Doll-Baby" and "John Martin's Wife." The former is the story of a newly wedded man and woman in all the glory of a perfect love, when a shadow is thrown over their happiness by an accident which befalls the wife and which makes it impossible for her to become a mother. But the maternal instinct is so strong in her breast that she "makes believe" with a doll baby, and she makes believe so well that another doll baby can never be quite the same as this—her first and her last. "John Martin's Wife" is the tragedy of a man who discovers that the wife of his heart is unfaithful to him and who commits suicide because of it. Before his death he writes a number of letters to her, which are delivered one by one after he is dead and buried. These gruesome messages from the dead not only make her realise her sin, but they eventually destroy her reason and force her to leave her lover to join her husband in the other world. The author shows a keen knowledge of life in the different circles of society; in a few short strokes his characters become vivid realities, and the little tragedies and comedies of their lives lie bare before us.

THE SHORT LINE WAR. By Merwin-Webster. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The Short Line War is a story that will appeal more particularly to the sterner sex, and we take it that the hyphenated name, Merwin-Webster, stands for two healthy-minded young men who have put their heads together and who have mapped out this story of a railroad war, in which politics form a considerable part. Jim Weeks is the central figure in the fight, and we like him so much better for knowing of the romance in his early life. He was a man "without much instinct or imagination; he took everything seriously and literally, he could not understand a whim"—therefore a very foolish little woman came into his life only to leave it desolate. And when we meet him again after the years have rounded him, and when he stands "before the world a man of solid achievement, calm, successful, satisfied," we are quite prepared for the kind and tender things he does for the son of the woman he once loved. *The Short Line War* is *not* essentially a love story, which fact led us at the start to say that its healthy, vigorous style, with its politics and its railroads, will lead many a masculine novel reader to find enjoyment in its pages.

D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS; OR, THE FORTUNES OF WAR. By Louis Evan Shipman. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company. $1.25.

Mr. Shipman has written a sparkling little story of romance and adventure, with the Revolutionary period for its background. D'Arcy is a young Irish lord, as ready with his sword as with his wit. Our first introduction to him is in a travelling coach, where he is waylaid by highwaymen. We next see him in the town of Philadelphia, valiantly fighting under General Howe and falling in love with Pamela, a Revolutionary maid, who thoroughly scorns him and his "red coat." During the war he and another Britisher take possession of Pamela's home, and this mixed household of British soldiers and Revolutionary women have many adventures. Mr. Shipman has wisely refrained from filling his pages with historical details, and has only touched upon them in so far as they are necessary to the development of the plot. The story is easy reading, quick in action, and full of dramatic incident. The dialogue, by the way, would adapt itself excellently to the stage.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, June 1, 1899.

The May publications were quite up to the average for this season of the year in numbers and variety of subjects. In the department of fiction were the following titles by well-known authors for which first sales were large: *The Market Place,* by Harold Frederic; *The Jamesons,* by Mary E. Wilkins; *The Fowler,* by Beatrice Harraden, and *Tiverton Tales,* by Alice Brown. Other interesting issues of the month included *The Rough Riders,* by Theodore Roosevelt; *The Book of Golf and Golfers,* by H. G. Hutchinson, and *Yale—Her Campus, Class-Rooms and Athletics,* by L. S. Welch and Walter Camp.

It is impossible to refer to the sales of books without noting the really remarkable orders for *David Harum,* which continue unabated. *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War, When Knighthood was in Flower, No. 5 John Street,* are selling readily, and following them are *Dross, Prisoners of Hope, Aylwin* and *Young Mistley. The Martyrdom of an Empress* is having a very good sale, and *A Thousand Days in the Arctic,* by Frederick G. Johnson, and *On the South African Frontier,* by W. H. Brown, with other works of travel, are now in fair demand.

There is always a considerable call for Stamp Albums and Stamp Catalogues, and the recently revised editions of the *International Stamp Albums* are making it possible to fill orders more satisfactorily than for some time past.

New editions of the uncopyrighted works of Kipling are appearing almost daily; and this author will be prominent in the additions to the various lines of twelvemos and sixteenmos. The sale of Kipling books is still good, and the recent purchase of twenty thousand sets of the complete edition to be placed on the market at a popular price is suggestive of the expectation of an increasing demand during the autumn season.

European guide books have sold steadily during the past month. Baedeker's are most used, with a noticeable call for Hare's works on travel.

Seasonable books on outdoor subjects are much sought for. *Bird Neighbours, Handbook of the Birds of North America, How to Know the Ferns, A Guide to the Wild Flowers* and *Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers* being the most popular at present.

Lippincott's Select Novels and Appleton's Town and Country Library are now meeting with their customary summer sales, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, being a particularly good number in the latter series. *Soldiers of Fortune* is the latest announcement for publication in paper form as an addition to the list of recently issued paper editions.

Trade in general for the month has been good in all classes of literature, the sales for library use keeping up remarkably well. Considerable activity is also being shown in the preparation for a heavy fall business, it being already possible to obtain samples of many of the lines, including the sixteenmos and twelvemos, juveniles and new illustrated and holiday editions.

Below will be found the list of best selling books in the order of popularity:

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. $1.50.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.

Young Mistley. By H. S. Merriman. $1.75.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Jamesons. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.00.

The Jungle Books. By Rudyard Kipling. Two vols. $3.00.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. Paper, 50c.; cloth, $1.00.

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

A Guide to the Wild Flowers. By Alice Lounsberry. $2.50 net.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, June 1, 1899.

The volume of business transacted in May was decidedly above the average, and the month's record is as good as can reasonably be expected. New and popular books were in lively demand, and frequent orders are now being received from the country for books to be used as commencement presents. Prospects of future business are also bright, and in spite of the near approach of the dull season dealers are full of confidence and do not hesitate to order liberal supplies of the leading books.

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The spring season may be said to end in May, and a cursory glance backward over that period shows an improvement over the same season last year. Both from a publishing and bookselling standpoint it must take rank as a very satisfactory season, and it will probably also be recorded as one of the best we have encountered during the last decade.

It might perhaps be assumed, and with some show of reason, that with the demand for new books so pronounced, and so much in excess of everything else as it is to-day, that the older favourites of standard rank, such as the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Hawthorne, etc., would be crowded out and show naturally some falling off in their sales. It is not so, however, for there are few of the world's classics that do not increase their sales each year. New authors come and go, are read, and many of them forgotten in a short time, but the demand for works of the class mentioned above continues steadily on.

The sale of *David Harum* is now so large that the other leading books are nowhere. Apart from this there was not much that can be called remarkable in last month's sales of popular books. *When Knighthood was in Flower* sold largely, and so did *Mr. Dooley. No. 5 John Street* received a good call from all sections of the country, and *Red Rock* is selling practically as well as ever it did.

Of the new books received last month *The Fowler,* by Beatrice Harraden, was the most successful in point of sale. *A Double Thread,* by the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* went exceedingly well, and so did *The Jamesons,* by Mary E. Wilkins. *The Market Place,* by Harold Frederic, sold moderately well, and the same may be said of *Young Lives,* by Richard Le Gallienne.

The Garden of Swords, by Max Pemberton, and *The Awkward Age,* by Henry James, were received rather late in the month, but they are starting off very well, especially the first named.

The guide-book season is now on, the demand being possibly a little heavier than usual. Out-of-door books continue to be in good request, especially works on birds and flowers. The literature of golf is also in constant demand.

While new fiction absorbs the major portion of the demand, recent books of a heavier nature are in most instances going well. Prominent among these are *Through Nature to God,* by John Fiske; *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett; James Russell Lowell and his Friends,* by Edward Everett Hale, and *The Martyrdom of an Empress.*

Of a somewhat lighter calibre than the foregoing is *The Bee People,* by Margaret W. Morley, which deserves mention as one of the best selling books last month.

Paper-bound books are in good request nowadays, especially the limited special editions of notable novels lately issued.

The leading books as attested by the record of their sales last month were:

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.
The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Number 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.
Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.
The Bee People. By Margaret W. Morley. $1.25.
Through Nature to God. By John Fiske. $1.00.
The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.
A Duet with an Occasional Chorus. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.
A Double Thread. By Ellen T. Fowler. $1.50.
The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
The Jamesons. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.00.
Dross. By H. S. Merriman. $1.75.
The Short Line War. By Merwin-Webster. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, April 24 to May 22, 1899.

There has not been quite so much business done this month as in former years, and this is no doubt attributable in a large measure to the cheapening of books. The country trade is still very quiet. Colonial and foreign business is fairly well maintained, but even here, the labour expended in executing the orders is in many cases a very serious item.

The six-shilling novel continues to enjoy the patronage of the public, and long may it be so. The favourite work of fiction is *A Double Thread,* by E. T. Fowler, and *No. 5 John Street,* by R. Whiteing, is a good second.

The issue of sixpenny editions of standard works continues with considerable vigour. Large editions have in most instances been printed, and it is fervently hoped that they will be sold out during the holiday season.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that guide-books and works on outdoor pursuits generally are having a good sale just now.

There is not so much demand for the cheap and beautiful reprints of English Classics which have had a long run of popularity. Perhaps the publication of the sixpenny series may in some measure account for this.

Several important works on the Empire of China have appeared, and for this class of publications have sold well.

There is a distinct lull in the inquiries for Kipling's various publications, and C. M. Sheldon's stories are not sought after as was the case in the earlier part of the year.

The Haddon Library, a collection of works embracing the various country outdoor pursuits, has been well received, especially the volume on *Fly-fishing.*

In the magazine world there is still much competition and activity. Among general magazine literature the leading publications are *Pall Mall, Harper's, Pearson's, Harmsworth, Strand, Windsor* and *Royal.* The *Art Port-*

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folio is steadily increasing in favour with the public. *The Woman at Home* is unrivalled as a lady's magazine.

The usual list of leading works follows, and will be found to be a correct index to the public literary taste of the hour.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By. E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Idylls of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Richards.)

A Semi-Detached Marriage. By A. Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Longmans.)

Swallow. By H. R. Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

The Game and the Candle. By R. Broughton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

England's Peril. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (White.)

The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus. By A. C. Doyle. 6s. (Richards.)

The Awkward Age. By H. James. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Victim. By G. D'Annunzio. 6s. (Heinemann.)

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1, 1899, and June 1, 1899.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. The Greater Inclination. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel.) $1.25.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. I, Thou and the Other One. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Rough Riders. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Prisoner and Captives. Merriman. (Fenno.) $1.25.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
6. Browning Letters. (Harper.) $5.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Daughter of the Vine. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. I, Thou and the Other One. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Daughters of Babylon. Barrett. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Jamesons. Wilkins. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.00.
4. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
5. Guide to the Wild Flowers. Lounsberry. (Stokes.) $2.50 net.
6. Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Those Dale Girls. Carruth. (McClurg & Co.) $1.25.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

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CLEVELAND, O.

1. Conjure Woman. Chesnutt. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Guide to the Wild Flowers. Lounsberry. (Stokes.) $2.50.
6. Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac. Gallet. (Fenno & Co.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Strong Hearts. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Open Question. Robins. (Harper.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederick. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Tekla. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
5. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
6. Through the Turf Smoke. McManus. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 75 cents.

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Span o' Life. MacLennan. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
3. Double Thread. Fowler. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. Anglo-Saxon Superiority. Demoulins. (Warren Book Co.) $1.50.
5. James R. Lowell and His Friends. Hale. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $3.00.
6. Mormon Prophet. Dougall. (W. J. Gage Co.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Yale, Her Campus, etc. Welch and Camp. (Page.) $2.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. How to Know the Ferns. Parsons. (Scribner.) $1.50 net.
4. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Children of the Mists. Phillpots. (Putnam's Sons.) $1.50.
6. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Morang.) 50c. and $1.00.
3. A Duet. Doyle. (Morang.) 75c. and $1.00.
4. Eye of a God. Fraser. (Briggs.) 60c. and $1.00.
5. United States of Europe. Stead. (Morang.) $1.50.
6. Dross. Merriman. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Wolfville. Lewis. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Miracle of Antichrist. Lagerlöf. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. James R. Lowell and His Friends. Hale. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $3.00.
5. Tiverton Tales. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Letters from Japan. Fraser. (Scribner.) $7.50.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Open Question. Robbins. (Harper.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper.) $2.50.
5. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Miners' Text Book. Fiske. (J. K. Gill Co.) $2.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
3. The Jamesons. Wilkins. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.00.
4. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Thomas Dudley. Jones. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $5.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50c.
5. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
6. Browning Letters. (Harper.) $5.00.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Ragged Lady. Howells. (Harper.) $1.75.
4. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. Barrack Room Ballads. Kipling. (Doxey.) 75 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Amateur Cracksman. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Strong Hearts. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
   Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.

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